

BOSTON

NOVEMBER, 1903

10 CENTS

# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

EDITED BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE.



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# PURE SOAP *IS* PEARS' SOAP



Pears' Complexion Powder is a wholesome Powder.  
In a box with mirror.

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# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XIX.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1903

No. 2



## Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

IF you are one of those who have regarded "Uncle Joe" Cannon, the new speaker of the house, as a rough and ready old western farmer without much social grace or inclination to acquire it, you have an agreeable surprise coming to you. For Mr. Cannon has taken a handsome house, 1014 Vermont avenue, and purposes to restore his high office to its earlier social pre-eminence. His home will be presided over by his daughter, a lovely and accomplished woman well fitted to adorn any social circle. The home of the Cannons in Danville, Illinois, is one of the most substantial and comfortable in the town, and a handsome place withal.

Miss Cannon is Helen Cannon to her friends and intimates. She has a younger sister (Mabel) who is married. Why Miss Cannon never married is a mystery to Washingtonians, because she is handsome and attractive. She takes after her mother

(some years dead) and is tall and well proportioned—taller even than her father. Miss Cannon's long residence in Washington ("Uncle Joe" was elected first to congress in 1872) makes her peculiarly well fitted to be her father's social complement.

The house they have taken is one that was built and occupied by the late John R. McPherson, who was for eighteen years a United States senator from New Jersey. The house has since been occupied successively by Senator Eugene Hale and family, Senator Wetmore of Rhode Island and family and the McCormicks of Chicago. It is next-door neighbor to the Lowery house, the only house in which Cornelius Vanderbilt (2d) lived

in Washington. He was there four months or more after his stroke of paralysis that followed his quarrel with Cornelius (3d) over his engagement to Miss Grace Wilson, now his wife. This house (the Lowery) is now part



SPEAKER CANNON'S HOME IN DANVILLE, ILLINOIS



JOSEPH G. CANNON OF ILLINOIS, THE NEW SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE



of the department of justice, and is occupied in part by Attorney General Knox as his office.

"Uncle Joe" is not one of the statesmen who are also millionaires, but he has a tidy competence laid by, and he



MISS CANNON, WHO WILL PRESIDE OVER THE SPEAKER'S WASHINGTON HOME  
THIS WINTER



EDWARD BEALE MC LEAN

Mr. McLean, the son of John R. McLean of Ohio and Washington, is an ardent horseman and a devotee of the automobile as well. This engraving is a reproduction of the portrait painted by C. Nokovsky.

enjoys life thoroughly, too. Most of all, he enjoys his work. And in this respect he does answer pretty closely to the "hard-headed old western farmer" description. He is keen and practical, has strong likes and dislikes, but is noted for his sense of fair play. He won't use the vast power his new office gives him to punish his political foes, but to get the best results for the country, as he understands them.

There is some speculation, in advance of the extra session to be opened November 9, concerning the changes that Mr. Cannon will make in the house committees. It is deemed settled that Mr. Hemenway of Indiana, who has been Mr. Cannon's right-hand man on the appropriations committee, will become chairman of that committee. Fowler of New Jersey wishes to head the currency committee—but there are others, among them Jesse Overstreet of Indiana, secretary of the congressional campaign committee. "Uncle Joe" seems to have more faith in western than in eastern financial ideas, too.

Nothing definite has been given out concerning a change in the chairmanship of the judiciary committee, but it is understood that Mr. Jenkins of Wisconsin is in danger of losing that place, the result of his resolution introduced—and buried—last Winter, and which was regarded in some quarters as the first step toward government ownership of the anthracite mines. There is no doubt but pressure will be brought to bear on the new speaker to punish Mr. Jenkins for that resolution, and it remains to be seen what Mr. Cannon will do about it.

Another important committee chairmanship to be filled is that on post-offices and postroads. Mr. Loud of California, who got stranded on the beach in the last election, he having antagonized everybody in sight, for the fun of the thing, apparently, "ran" the com-

mittee for a good many years with an iron hand. His successor will very likely have to deal with a congressional investigation into the postal frauds lately uncovered, and Mr. Cannon of course feels the need of a first-class man for the job.

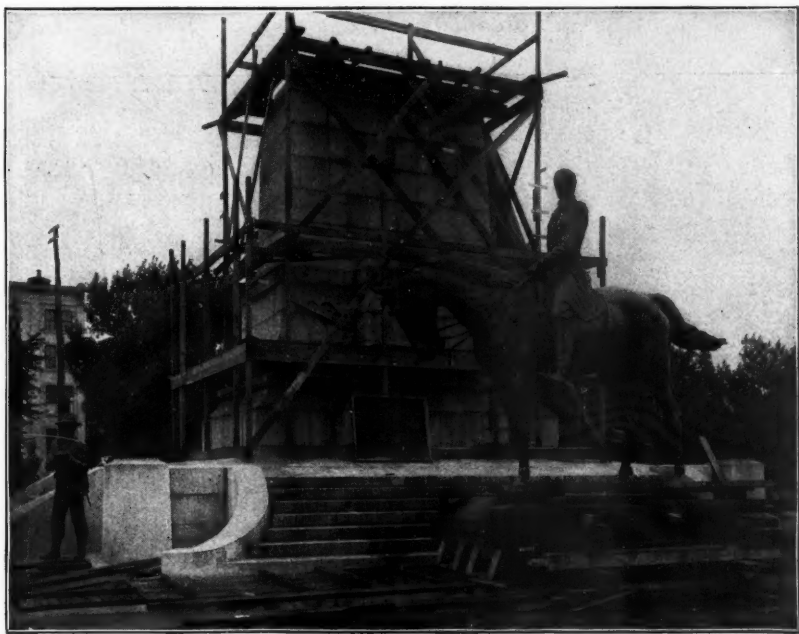
**SENATOR W. P. FRYE** of Maine, who will again preside over the sessions of the senate, is preparing for a vigorous campaign on his shipping bill.

of the house of representatives.

"He was genial yet somewhat shy," said Senator Frye, "and when we drew lots for seats, he drew a very good seat and I drew a poor one. The next morning I found all his things in my seat, and my books and papers had been removed to the better seat that he had drawn.

"How is this, Major?' I said; 'there's some mistake.'

"Not at all, Congressman,' he replied



WASHINGTON'S NEW BRONZE STATUE OF GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN

The picture shows the statue ready to be placed on its pedestal. It was dedicated with imposing ceremonies October 15, 1903.

He insists that if the people of inland states would only study the situation of the American merchant marine at close range, there would be little opposition to the measure which is to be brought before congress next Winter.

The senator was in a reminiscent mood the other evening, and told me of McKinley's first appearance on the floor

graciously; 'this seat belongs to you.'

"No, this will not do,' I said; 'you drew this seat and I must insist upon your keeping it.'

"Now look here, Congressman,' said McKinley, 'you have been here before and you are likely to obtain the attention of the chair and address the house, while this is my first term and I am expected

to do nothing but look wise.'

"'Yes, but the rules of the house?' I replied.

"'What are the rules of the house between friends? You take the seat,' was the answer of the future president."

Major McKinley never failed to win friends wherever he went, and his superb unselfishness and goodness is a treasured memory of all who knew him.

**S**ENATOR ALDRICH tells a story of the president pro tem. of the senate which indicates his intense loyalty to

"But which is right?" pleaded the clerk in dismay.

"As long as this patriotic body has decided upon one cent for mackerel, thereby conserving the nation's interest, together with that of the state of Maine, give them the *us*, that stands for Uncle Sam, because some might interpret the *os* as Old Smelts for letting the mackerel pass. We'll brave Webster and make it *us* — it sounds more sociable."

**A**S an accompaniment to the whirl of legislation on Cuban reciprocity,



POSTMASTER GENERAL PAYNE AND FOURTH ASSISTANT BRISTOW DISCUSSING POSTAL FRAUDS.

The government's drag-net has caught a good many rascals, but none of them has yet seen the inside of a penitentiary. The administration will doubtless leave its foes no ground for criticism in this respect.

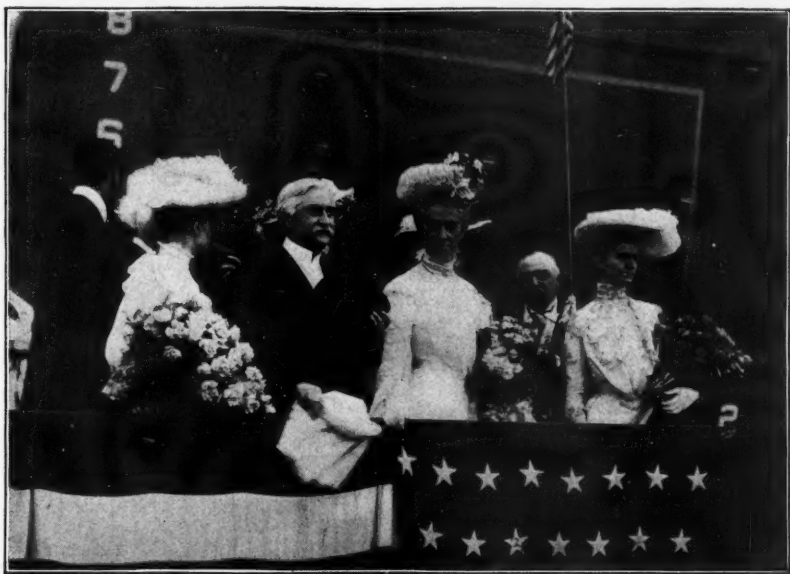
the Pine Tree state. It was during the stormy days of the conference on the Dingley tariff bill. There was a hitch over the item of asbestos, which later developed into a discussion upon the spelling of the word. One side claimed the final syllable was *os*, the other side would have it *us*. Finally, when the Maine senator was appealed to, he said: "Let us have one cent on mackerel, and spell it as you please."

isthmian canal projects, financial bills and departmental investigations, in all of which the men will play the leading parts, the ladies are planning a long and brilliant social season for the capital. Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss Roosevelt will entertain freely and as ever graciously. The Hays and the Hitchcocks will resume their places in society. Judge and Mrs. Taft will be here, the former succeeding Mr. Root at the head of the war

department. Lieutenant General and Mrs. Miles will spend the Winter here, and will maintain their social position at the head of the army set.

William R. Hearst, publisher and presidential candidate, will signalize his entrance upon congressional life by a season of lavish and brilliant entertaining, in which he will have the assistance of his bride of less than a year. The Hearsts have engaged an entire floor in Stoneleigh Court, the big apartment

Connecticut avenue from L street almost to K. On the corner of K street and Connecticut avenue is the fine residence of General Draper of Massachusetts, formerly in congress and subsequently, under the McKinley administration, United States ambassador to Italy. At K street and Seventeenth, just a block away, is the spacious mansion of General Edward Morrell, one of the Philadelphia congressmen. Both the Draper and Morrell houses have been enlarged



THE OFFICIAL PARTY AT THE LAUNCHING OF THE CRUISER MARYLAND

The gentleman holding the silk hat and the lady beside him are Governor and Mrs. Smith of Maryland. The gentleman on Mrs. Smith's left is President C. B. Orcutt of the Newport News Ship-building Company and the lady at the end of the line is Miss Jennie Scott Waters of Baltimore, sponsor for the cruiser.

house now in process of erection, and which is the property of Secretary Hay.

Stoneleigh Court is named for Amasa Stone, the father of Mrs. Hay and one of the pioneer millionaires of Ohio. It promises to be "a money-maker from the start," as a local paper puts it. This mammoth house—or, more properly speaking, houses—will have the advantage of fashionable location, it being in

and remodelled since coming into possession of their present owners, and as each owner has a huge bank account and is fond of life, the entertainments they give are in lavish style. Governor Alexander Shepherd, who died last year in Mexico, built and lived in the house now occupied by General Draper.

Friendship, the beautiful country seat of John R. McLean, situated a short



THE LATE SIR MICHAEL H. HERBERT

Ambassador of Great Britain to the United States, who died of consumption, in Switzerland, late in September. Lady Herbert is a sister of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt (3d), a daughter of R. T. Wilson.

distance from Washington, is rapidly developing into one of the finest, if not the finest, suburban estate in the cordon of more or less secluded retreats which surround the national capital. Much of the credit for the great improvements made on this estate, which comprises more than a hundred acres, belongs to the son of the owner, Edward Beale McLean, who, after the fashion of many young men of the day, is very fond of horses and of country life generally. Love of country life appears to be inherent in the McLean family.

The younger McLean was named after his maternal grandfather, General Edward F. Beale, who was President Grant's minister to Austria. General Beale was a man of parts—a soldier, a diplomatist, also a gentleman-farmer with a fondness for fine blooded stock, fast horses, etc. He was a "forty-niner," an argonaut, a man of wealth, and owned the famous Decatur house

and a fine farm a short distance from Washington in Maryland. His son, Truxton Beale, was United States minister to Persia. Truxton Beale married Harriet Blaine, one of James G. Blaine's daughters, but after a few years they separated, were divorced, and he has since (quite recently) married again.

When Hamilton Fish was secretary of



HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, GREAT BRITAIN'S STRONGEST LIVING STATESMAN

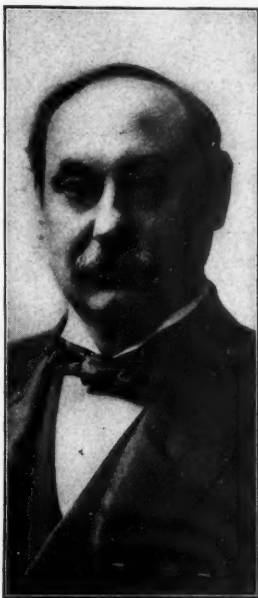
Mr. Chamberlain, having resigned his post of colonial secretary in the Balfour cabinet, has undertaken a campaign before the country to inaugurate a system of protective tariffs. He says free trade will no longer serve the needs of his country, and Premier Balfour agrees with him. American statesmen are watching the British leader's experiment with eager interest.



## AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON

state in the cabinet of General Grant (1869-'77) he lived at the corner of Fifteenth street and I. In that house, at a social gathering, John R. McLean met Miss Emily Beale, whom he afterward married. Some years later he bought the house and they have since lived there. If ever there was a happy marriage that of John R. McLean and Emily Beale was one. Judging from outside appearances, they are as devoted to each other as in their more youthful days. Mr. McLean is immensely rich, his real estate and stock investments (gas, bank and other corporation) being estimated at not less than two millions in Washington alone, to say nothing of his Ohio interests, the Cincinnati Enquirer, etc. His sisters (two) are the wives of Admirals George Dewey and Nicoll Ludlow, respectively. Mr. McLean is popular, generous, easy to approach, and as democratic in his manner as anyone.

**T**HE cabinet of the president—the group of men at the head of the federal departments—is composed of men chosen for large ability and special fitness. Each is an expert in his sphere. It would be the most delicate of tasks to judge which of these men is best master



HARVEY W. WILEY

Chief of the bureau of chemistry,  
in the department of agriculture.



GEORGE K. HOLMES

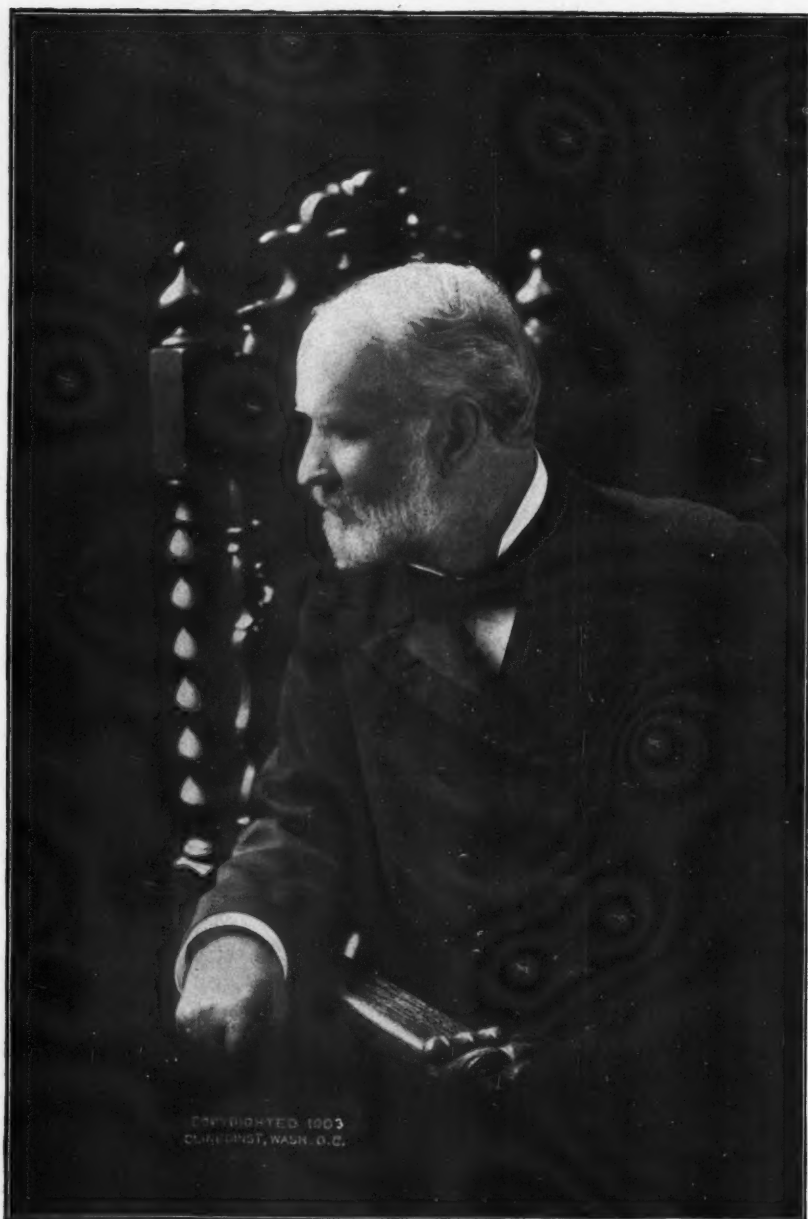
Chief of the Division of foreign  
markets, department of agriculture.

of his special work. Mr. Hay has grown to rank with the ablest living diplomats of the whole world. Mr. Root has brought order out of chaos in the war department; Mr. Knox has whipped the lawyers of the Northern Securities company in the biggest lawsuit of the administration,—and so the tale runs through the list. But it must be conceded that Mr. Hay the diplomat and Mr. Wilson the farmer have an appreciable lead over their associates in that popular favor which goes with high merit and long service. And as between the two there is little if anything to choose.

I have been reading the year-book of the department of agriculture, and I was struck with the terse aptness of Secretary Wilson's first sentence in his report to the president:

*"The educational work of the department of agriculture has grown in effectiveness since my last annual report."*

In that sentence is the key to the situation in the federal farm office. The department is not merely holding the ground gained by American farm products, but is extending that ground, educating young Americans to broaden the field still further and bringing to the business of farming a thousand and one helps that tend to

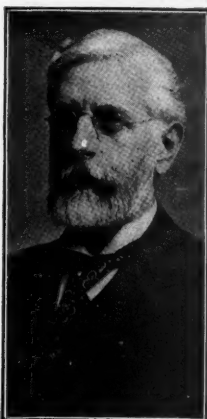


SECRETARY JAMES WILSON OF THE FEDERAL DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE  
Mr. Wilson is undoubtedly the world's foremost farmer. Under his administration the United States department of agriculture has attained a standard of usefulness not second to any other branch of the government

make it constantly more prosperous and agreeable.

There is absolutely nothing of more importance to a nation than that its farmers should know how to get the most and the best out of its soil. They feed everybody, and upon their prosperity depends the prosperity of all the rest. Wall street can make panics—but it takes the farmer to make good times. In this connection it is a pleasure to hear Secretary Wilson say:

"We are helping people in many localities to an intelligent knowledge of their soils and of the most profitable uses to which they may be devoted. Results are showing the value of this service. The best sugar lands, rice lands, tobacco lands, truck lands, and lands best adapted to particular fruits, grains, grasses, legumes and other crops are being discovered as certainly as any other unknown thing is brought to human knowledge for the first time. Few of the plants of most value to our people are native to the United States. They are products of other countries and have been useful in their localities for long periods of time. Our various soils and climates are adapted to many things that have not yet been introduced to them. Department explorers are searching the Old World for whatever is valuable there and useful here, with results that are quite encouraging. Our aims are to help toward the production in the states and territories of everything their soils and climates will permit, and to help our new



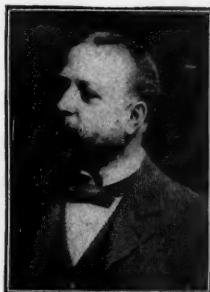
DR. D. E. SALMON  
Chief of the bureau of animal industry, department of agriculture.

American farmers by Secretary Wilson and his busy helpers in the department.

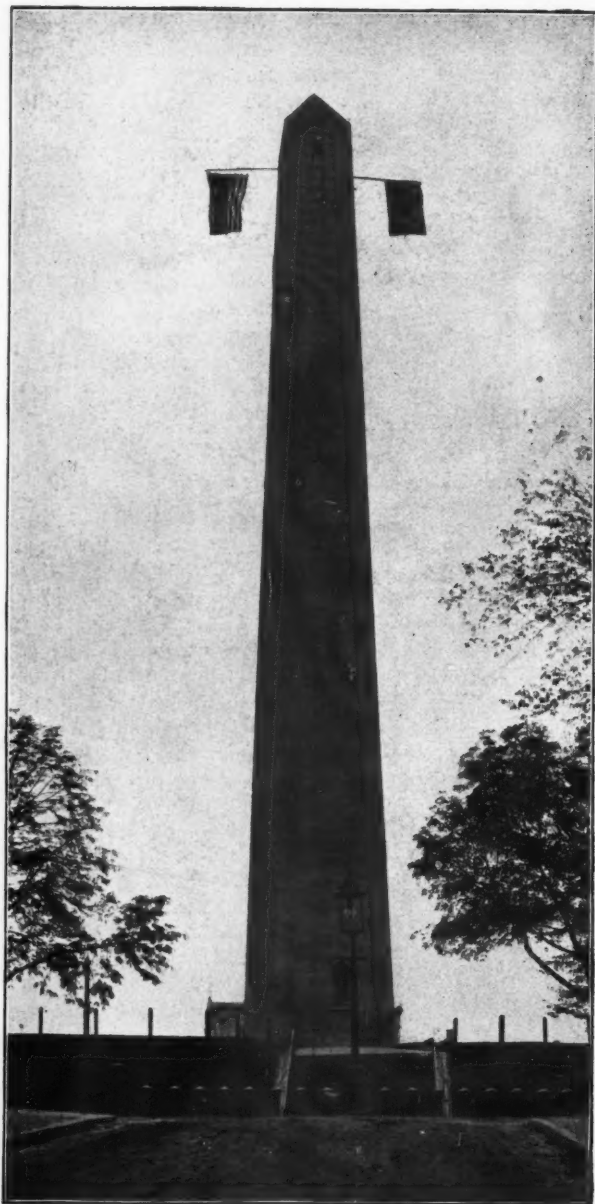
**A**MONG the delightful afternoons enjoyed in Washington, none surpassed the hours I spent in the screen-protected piazza at Admiral George Dewey's home in Woodley Lane. The estate is located a few miles from Washington. The slightly eminence on which the admiral's residence is located is on a level with the top of the dome of the capitol. The view in all directions re-

veals a landscape of picturesque as well as historical interest. The capital city, enveloped in the purple haze, with the white dome and the Washington monument standing out in bold relief, makes a vast picture of fascinating beauty.

Clad in his favorite white, surrounded with books and magazines, the tender-hearted admiral spends many happy hours here with Mrs. Dewey. The letters



L. O. HOWARD  
Chief of the division of entomology, department of agriculture



#### BRITISH AND AMERICAN FLAGS ON BUNKER HILL AGAIN

Early in October the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston welcomed the Honourable Artillery company of London. The flying of the two flags on Bunker Hill monument was one of the unique incidents of the visit. We reproduce the photograph of the flags flying in amity by courtesy of the Boston Globe.

received every day from admirers, and especially from young boys and girls, always receive his attention. As the shadows of the afternoon lengthened, the admiral fell into a reminiscent mood, and I could almost fancy we were on the deck of a war-ship, in the waters of the Orient, so vividly did he portray the historic scenes at Manila. He told it all so simply, so modestly, that it seemed difficult to realize that the story of a great world event was being related by the chief actor.

Some years before the Spanish war, Admiral Dewey was a constant visitor at the naval library. The librarian recalls how incessantly he called for books on the Orient. An insatiable reader, he informed Senator Lodge, and the then assistant secretary of the navy, Theodore Roosevelt, that he would like to take the Pacific squadron. At first they thought he was joking, but there was a

serious earnestness in his blue eye that emphasized the sincerity of his request. It was some time before it was arranged, but, providentially, it seemed, Admiral Dewey sailed for the Orient thoroughly informed on the situation in that quarter.

The recital was so intensely interesting that I asked how he repeated the final orders for the attack. Was it in stentorian tones? The admiral smiled and said:

"I am sorry I cannot help out the dramatic interest. As I recall, I said in an ordinary conversational tone as we are talking now, 'Gridley, when you are ready, fire.'"

And Gridley "fired." The trying situation and the long days after the conflict were a greater strain than the battle. The admiral says now that, with the information he then possessed, he had no full conception of what the battle of Manila really determined. He permitted the English consul to send that last message, which gave only a brief suggestion of the battle, and cut the cables to shut off communication with Spain, feeling that the American vessels were able to take care of the situation.

On the table were papers giving glowing accounts of the unveiling of the Dewey monument, at San Francisco, tributes of all descriptions, but he picked out a little book, *The Morning Glow*, to show me. It was presented to Mrs. Dewey by Mrs. Roosevelt, and was Roy Rolfe Gilson's eloquent tribute to childhood. If there is any man who loves children more than Admiral Dewey, I have not met him.

\* \* \*

Now that I am upon a naval subject, I cannot repress a word of admiration for Secretary Moody, and his effective and energetic administration. The prejudice of inland states against naval appropriation bills is rapidly disappearing. The navy is one department about which clusters a keen and romantic in-

terest and the work of the naval militia, during the war with Spain, as related by Admiral John R. Bartlett, retired, makes a public document of keen interest, and one that has done much to bring about a popular and appreciative understanding of the work of the navy. Among those especially commended in this respect was Captain John W. Weeks, U. S. N., of Boston, who had charge of the second district during the war with Spain, and the report especially emphasizes his untiring zeal in the organization and management of his command. Captain Weeks, who is a graduate of Annapolis, class of 1881, retired in 1883 to civil life. His interest in naval affairs never ceased, and, although a man of extensive business and financial interests, he kept in touch with the work he loved, and for six years was in command of the Massachusetts naval militia, which ranked foremost in efficiency during the Spanish-American war. The special thanks of the officials of the commonwealth were tendered him upon his retirement. A letter from Admiral Dewey, stating that he was particularly impressed with the bearing and manly appearance and efficiency of the naval brigade under Captain Weeks, was certainly a tribute from a high quarter.

Captain Weeks has been for two years mayor of Newton, Massachusetts, and has given efficient public service that indicates his strong executive ability. After serving two terms, with the hearty approval of his fellow citizens, he declined reelection. One of the most prominent and influential business men of Massachusetts, giving him a strong and influential following, he has never lost his keen interest in naval affairs, and he numbers many prominent naval men among his close friends. Such men stimulate public interest in naval affairs and materially aid in bringing the regulars and militia into closer relations.

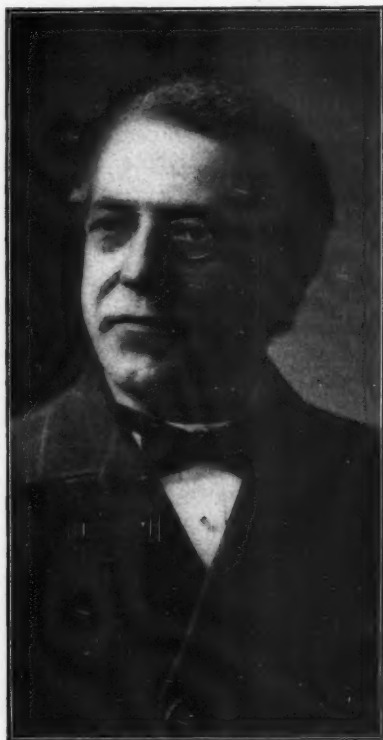
# The Year with the Labor Unions

*President Roosevelt's Act Establishing the Open Shop in Federal Departments—  
Stupid and Criminal Leadership in New York and Chicago, Contrasted  
With the Enlightened Methods of John Mitchell—The Boston  
Convention of the American Federation of Labor.*

By FRANK PUTNAM

EARLY in this month of November, 1903, the delegates of the unions comprising the American Federation of Labor will meet in annual convention, in Faneuil Hall, Boston. These delegates will represent a total union mem-

bership said to be above 2,000,000, men and women. They will come to historic Boston from all the other great cities of America, and from all the states. Their leaders will report to the convention, and through the convention to the whole membership of the unions, upon the gains and losses of the union labor movement since the last previous convention.



SAMUEL GOMPERS

President of the American Federation of Labor

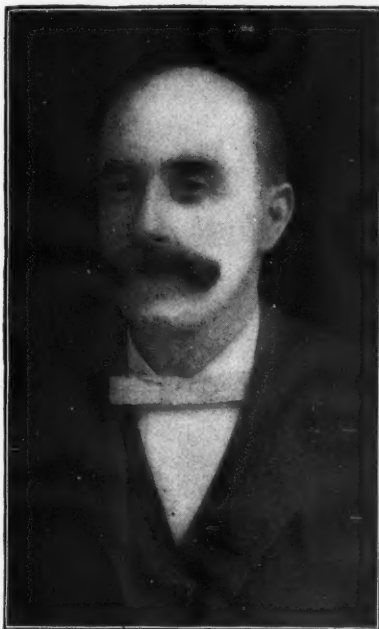
Various phases of the union labor movement have been strongly in the public eye during the past year. The great strike in the anthracite mines has been fought out to a compromise: the mine operators, thanks to the pressure of public anger operating through the person of President Roosevelt, were forced to recognize the right of their employes to organize unions and to treat concerning the sale of their labor through those unions. The miners' unions, on the other hand, were, by the terms of the final settlement, obliged to accept the "open shop" basis of employment.

In New York and in Chicago, stupid and criminal leadership of the building trades unions—and some others—has cost the members of those unions hundreds of thousands of dollars in lost wages; has hampered the growth of the two cities during the year; and *has developed an active public sentiment against the unions among thousands of citizens, not directly concerned, who hitherto were inclined to sympathize with them.*



In New York the notorious Sam Parks, business agent of the House-smiths union, was convicted by court and jury of bribe-taking and sentenced to a term of years in Sing-Sing prison. Under the weak and silly judicial appeal system of New York state, which permits a convicted criminal to peddle his appeal for a new trial from one to another of the state's courts until at last he finds one that can be influenced to grant it, Parks is now out of prison under bond signed by the equally infamous William S. Devery, the vicious and corrupt former chief of police, who gained a large fortune by levying personal tribute upon the harlots, thieves, gamblers and liquor-sellers of the metropolis.

Parks levied blackmail upon building trade contractors upon whose work he had ordered strikes. They could pay him "fines" (running as high as several thousand dollars,) and he would call the strikes off. He was supposed to turn



JOHN B. LENNON

Treasurer of the American Federation of Labor



JAMES DUNCAN

First Vice President, American Federation of Labor

these "fines" into the treasury of his union. His trial developed the fact that he had been robbing not only the contractors whom he fined, but his own union as well. Notwithstanding this latter fact, the members of his union, 5,000 strong, stood by him and still stand by him, simply and solely because he got their wages raised.

*We are to infer from this condition that the members of the House-smiths' union do not care a tinker's damn who gets robbed, so long as they get a part of the money.*

Parks went from his disgrace in New York to the national convention of his union at Kansas City. There, appealing from the action of the national president, Mr. Buchanan, who had suspended Parks' union because of the support it gave his blackmailing tactics, Parks was sustained by the sentiment of the



FRANK MORRISON

Secretary of the American Federation of Labor.

national union, his local union was reinstated, and was voted a loan of \$1,000 to conduct its fight against the New York contractors.

So much for the spirit of organized banditry that animates unions of the Parks stripe. They are exactly as bad as the worst of the plundering trust monopolies — and will have to be regulated with equal vigor.

In Chicago the building trades unions, led by smarter men than the Parks sort, have formed a combine with the contractors' unions, with the result that every man who wished to invest a dollar in a building of any kind has been plucked both ways. The natural outcome of this was stagnation in the building industry — a positive loss to everybody concerned, except possibly a few leaders in both camps who were shrewd enough to bamboozle their followers and feather their own nests.

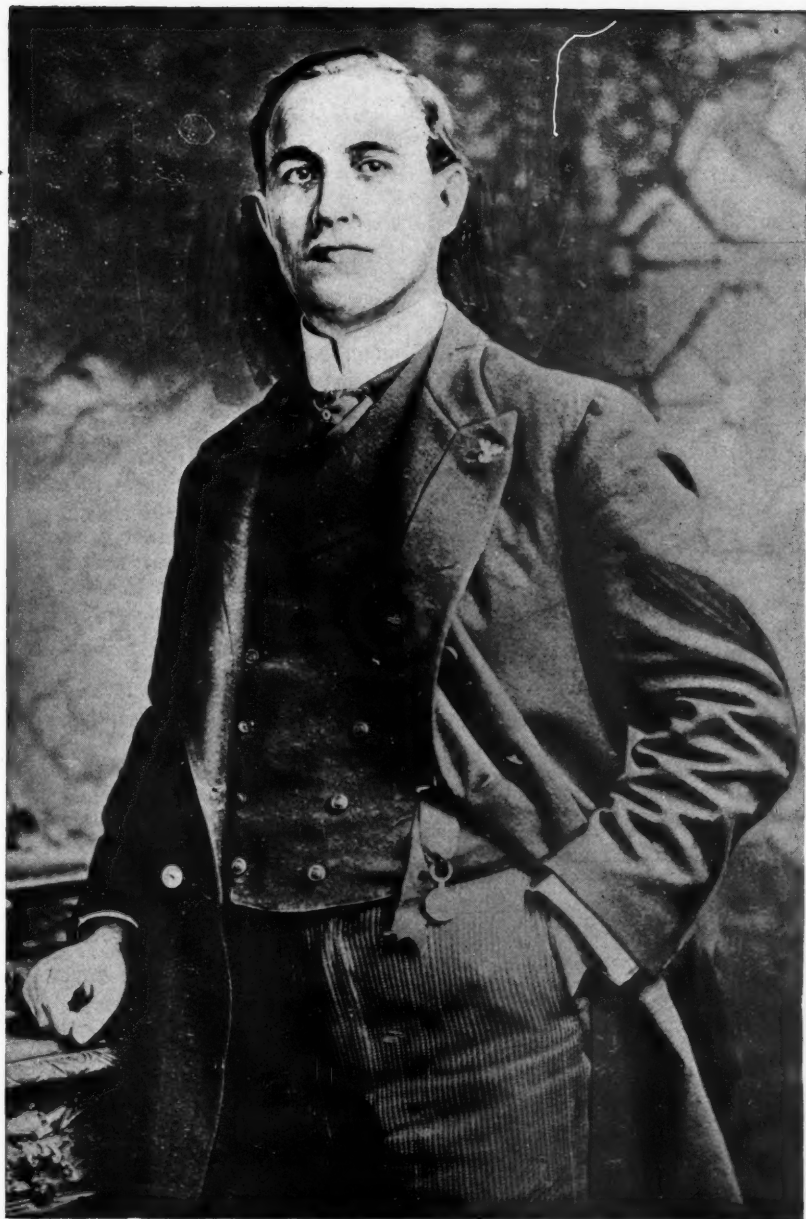
Certain Chicago strikes of the past Summer also emphasized a growth of

public sentiment with regard to the length that a union can go in conducting a strike. Briefly, these Chicago strikes, creating temporarily a condition bordering upon anarchy, were swiftly and severely defeated by an aroused public sentiment that not merely supported but demanded vigorous action by the police power of the city. It was settled once for all, as far as Chicago is concerned, that the only permissible strike is one in which, a body of men having quit work to enforce demands, they thereafter employ only peaceful means to prevent other men from taking their places. *It was settled with equal clearness that when the strikers use violence to prevent other men from taking the vacant jobs, their strike has become an insurrection, a revolt against law and order, a menace to the liberty and safety of every member of the community, and a proceeding that cannot be tolerated for one minute.* I believe that the most important feature of the year in the union labor movement



JAMES O'CONNELL

Third Vice President, American Federation of Labor



JOHN MITCHELL, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED MINE WORKERS OF AMERICA

Mr. Mitchell has written and will soon have on the market a book dealing with unionism in America. He does not seek the lime-light, but on every occasion that brings him into publicity, he grows in the esteem of the whole public—an ideal leader of a great and useful movement that demands patriotic, unselfish and far-sighted guidance.

in America is the development of public sentiment upon this point.

I have no love for the professional "strike-breaker"; but the unions cannot afford the poor satisfaction of punching the empty head of this short-sighted creature, since every act of violence that a union man commits reacts with double force upon the union's cause. We can't get past the fact that the real business of this country—the first cause of its foundation—is to guarantee to all the citizens their equal and inalienable liberty of action within the law.



So that, of all the ill-advised, wrong-headed movements undertaken by union leaders during the year, the most surprising was the demand that none but union laborers should be employed in the mechanical departments of the government. With amazing "gall," the leaders of 2,000,000 citizens demanded that the president should shut the door

of federal employment against the other 90,000,000 citizens.

This demand was first presented to Public Printer Palmer, in the case of Wm. A. Miller, a non-union man holding the post of assistant foreman of the government bindery. The union leaders informed Mr. Palmer that it was against the rules of their union to work with a non-unionist, and intimated that unless Miller should be dismissed, the union employes of the department would go on strike. *Back of this veiled threat, of course, was the more deadly menace—from a party standpoint—of the enmity of all the labor unions.* Mr. Palmer dismissed Miller. Miller appealed to the Civil Service Commission, and his case finally got before President Roosevelt, who promptly ordered that he be reinstated. The president took advantage of this occasion to announce that the government's shops would hereafter be open to both union and non-union labor without prejudice,—efficiency and character to be the sole determining tests of employment.



Immediately the air was full of threats of what the labor unions were going to do to Mr. Roosevelt. They would organize to defeat his nomination; and if they failed in that, they would vote solidly against him on election day. This outburst of wounded vanity appears to have been succeeded by a saner frame of mind. It was absurd to suppose that, upon further reflection, the leaders of the American Federation of Labor would dare to array their 2,000,000 votes against the other twenty-odd millions in an attempt to punish the president for his fair and loyal enforcement of the plain terms of the law. It was absurd to suppose that such men as John Mitchell of the miners, who endeared himself to millions last Winter by his modesty, his ability and his integrity,



PUBLIC PRINTER F. W. PALMER

—(and there are many such men among the leaders of union labor)—would permit the Federation to adopt any such suicidal course.

These men know well that the great unorganized masses of this country will not permit either money trusts or labor trusts to bulldoze them, beyond certain limits. These men know that in all reasonable demands they may make upon organized capital, they have the sympathy of the unorganized masses. And these men do not, I take it, mean to forfeit this sympathy, without which they could not win a single important strike.

It was to be expected that certain politicians would seize upon this occasion to embroil the labor unions in politics. If the democratic national leaders could gain a million union labor votes for their next nominee, it was—from the politicians' point of view—worth playing for. But those politicians who wish to use the unions will almost certainly get fooled. *The unions have everything to lose and nothing to gain by going into national politics with a demand that they be allowed to monopolize public as well as private employment. In view of the organization and rapid growth of the employers' national union, formed this year for mutual protection against unjust strikes, the labor unions will probably have all they can do to hold the ground they have gained in monopolizing private employment.*



The idea is leaking into a good many minds nowadays that we are all, as American citizens, organized into one big Union for the creation and distribution of wealth. This union is otherwise known as the United States of America—the Republic. The lesser unions—of labor and capital alike—serve a temporary use in the business of the big Union—but it is only temporary. While their uses exceed their abuses, they will endure: when their abuses outweigh their



WM. A. MILLER

Assistant foreman in the government bindery

uses, they will die. Meantime, step by step, the people of this country are constantly nearing an actual business and industrial partnership—the ideal of the labor union: and we have the labor unions to thank for much of this advancement. They have benefitted not only themselves, but all the rest of us.

It is undoubtedly true that the crooks and swindlers and blunderers are no more numerous in the labor unions than in other business and social organizations. Neither is it seriously doubted by this writer that the union workmen in any well organized trade are, man for man, the pick of the workmen in that trade. They have proved their possession of intelligent self-interest by organizing to better their condition. Private employers of labor in lines in which union and non-union men are both available, have usually found that they get better results by dealing with the unions. But any attempt made by any class of citizens to “hog” national, state or city employment certainly will not be tolerated.

# TIMELY TOPICS OF THE S T A G E

By GEORGE T. RICHARDSON

**W**HAT a pity it is that this world seems to be constructed for the purpose of putting round pegs into square holes, and vice versa! If we are to believe the average theatrical man or woman, the stage is filled with comedians who should be playing tragedy, and with tragedians who could shine in farce if they had but half a chance. Perhaps some of this is true, as it may be true

that half the lawyers would make better doctors, while the majority of the doctors would be better fitted in teaching school than in giving physic. It is unfortunate that so few of us are satisfied with our vocations, and that so many stage people are fairly overwhelmed by the particular line of work to which Fate has assigned them.

Here is dainty little Millie James, for instance, yearning for artistic expression of far different sort than that in which she has been generally accepted by the play-going public. In *The Little Princess* she has given to the stage one of the most refreshing pictures of a child that it has ever known. The simplicity and wholesome verity of the impersonation are remarkable and have made her famous. Yet she would have none of them. She would, an' she could, play adventuresses, and storm up and down the stage with moans and strident cries of "I'll be re-venge!" Fortunately for her—and the public—her ambition will never be realized, for she lacks the height which dramatic convention prescribes for the "villainess."

Then there is Ida Conquest, one of the most delightful comediennes the American stage has known of late years. She prefers



BERTHA GALLAND



the lachrymose drama, and the many "weepy" roles she has chosen have done much to hold her back from the comedy triumphs which should have been hers.

Per contra, comes the case of Alice Fischer, who for years has been the accomplished adventuress of high-class melodrama. She does not fancy the "woman with a past" and has essayed comedy. As she has an infectious smile, she may win yet, but she has a long journey to reach the point where audiences will not feel compelled to take her seriously, as of yore. When Cissy Loftus exchanged the pet name for the more staid Cecilia, she gave evidence that her ambition soared high above vaudeville, and she was soon playing Ophelia to E. H. Sothern's Hamlet.

As a lone star, however, she will not tempt fate too much and will begin with comedy, to end, if her dreams are realized, with Lady Macbeth.

Mr. Sothern himself long ago deserted the comedy in which he made his reputation and his money, for the tragedy that he prefers. *Hamlet* has proved financially kind, but that even he can go too deep for his public to follow was proved when he produced *The Sunken Bell*.

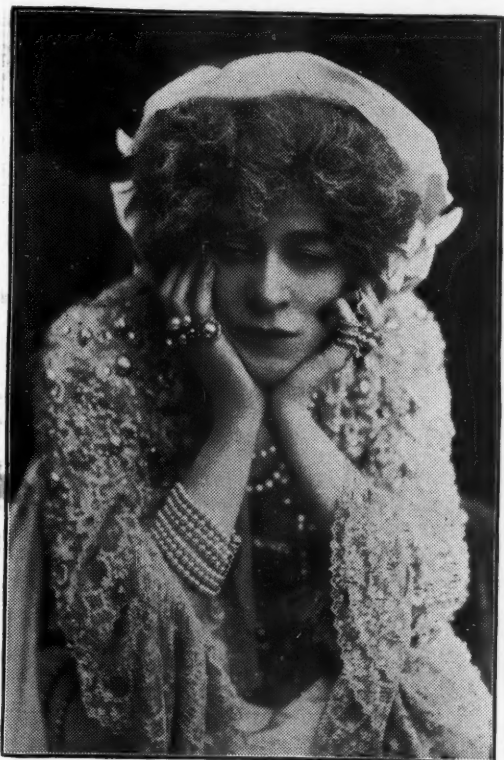
Nat C. Goodwin is another great comedian who would fain be a wearer of the mask of gloom, but his public refuses to accept the sacrifice and insists that Mr. Goodwin be funny at all costs. And so it goes. Similar instances of stage dissatisfaction could be multiplied *ad infinitum*.

THE new season is young yet, but enough of it has passed at this writing to enable one to predict in safety

that nothing is likely to develop that will stamp the current theatrical year as an epoch-maker. James K. Hackett's new play, *John Ermine of the Yellowstone*, proved such an obvious failure that it was rewritten, with what result time will tell.

*Captain Dieppe*, written by Anthony Hope and Harrison Rhodes, presents John Drew in one of those wickedly unnatural roles, which, if he and his managers persist in them, will forfeit his popularity. I should think that his experience with *Richard Carvel* would have led him to eschew the romantic drama for all time.

*Personal*, Eugene Presbrey's comedy for William Collier, is all that its name



MRS. LESLIE CARTER AS DU BARRY



KATHRYN OSTERMAN

Starring in "Miss Petticoats"

implies. It is "personal" and the person is Mr. Collier. This actor is indisputably clever,—indeed, there are few players who can get as much out of a bright line or a bit of repartee as he;—but when he undertook to give an entire evening's entertainment he attempted something which sounded the death knell of *Personal*. Just how the responsibility is to be divided, those on the extreme inside know. There are stars who insist so strenuously upon being "the whole thing," as the slang has it, that the playwright is sometimes more to be pitied than censured. Vesta Tilley, for example, who is to star in *The New Boy*, is said to be booked to sing every one of the seventeen songs in the entertainment. If the public doesn't sicken of this before the evening is over, I shall be surprised. There is altogether too much of this hot-house forcing of stars. It is dangerous to put personal popularity to the test of giving stars all there is to do and surrounding them with people for whom nothing is provided.

THE imported musical attractions, *Three Little Maids* and *A Princess of Kensington*, are decidedly British, but they appear to have won popularity: this, with the success of *Peggy From Paris*, a pretty light-

waisted affair, seems to prove that the end is not yet for frothy musical concoctions. Now that Clyde Fitch has embarked upon the business of writing musical pieces, we may certainly expect some novelties. *The Infant Prodigy*, which he has written for Miss Fay Templeton, will not see the light for some months yet. It has been given out that the work is not complete, but this is not quite correct. Of course it is not finished, no musical piece ever is until long after the rehearsals have begun, but the fact is that Miss Templeton has been bought off from her starring tour by the Shuberts, the managers of *The Runaways*, in which they wish to retain her as the bright and particular attraction. There is no one like Fay Templeton and no one can replace her. Yet it was not so many years ago that an engagement was coveted by Miss Templeton and coveted in vain. Now everybody wants her. Such is the penalty of success.

**S**PEAKING of success suggests a name that to a former generation of play-goers stood for everything that is best in dramatic art—A. M. Palmer. This gentleman, who has recently been appointed acting manager of the



HENRY WOODRUFF AS BEN HUR  
In Klaw & Erlanger's revival of General Wallace's drama.



EDWARD HARRIGAN AND ANNIE YEAMANS  
Mr. Harrigan as Owney Gilmartin and Mrs. Yeamans  
as Nancy Delaney, in "Under Cover"

Herald Square theater has been identified with the production of many of the best plays the American stage has seen. For years "Palmer's company" was easily the foremost organization in this country and plays of the type of *Jim the Penman* and *The Banker's Daughter* owed much to his exploitation. But times changed and public taste changed with them and Mr. Palmer fell behind. *Trilby* was his last success, and even that failed to net him the reward he might have won, for he sold out certain territorial rights to another manager, and so forfeited a for-

tune that might have been his. It is interesting to note that Mr. Palmer let a golden nugget slip through his fingers when he failed to improve his opportunity to secure *The Little Minister*, which afterward made a fortune for Charles Frohman and Maude Adams. Mr. Palmer refused the play because he thought the terms were too high. Perhaps even if he had secured it, he could not have equalled its success with Mr. Frohman's direction, for Mr. Palmer would not have had Miss Adams, to whose beguiling personality the success of the play was undoubtedly due. It is a curious fact that William A. Brady, another manager who declined *The Little Minister*, did so because it dealt with labor troubles.

CLYDE FITCH certainly has things all his own way. He not only stages the plays he writes in person but he dictates what actors and actresses shall be engaged. The players who are supporting Maxine Elliott in *Her Own Way* were selected and engaged more than a year ago, for this season. This was even before the play was written, the characters being judged solely by Mr. Fitch's scenario or abstract of the story. This practice of selecting his own actors might seem, on first glance, an unnecessary interference on Mr. Fitch's part with managerial prerogatives, but it is really a wise and admirable act. Many characters and not a few plays have been absolutely ruined by the selection of players unsuited to important roles. The dramatist's sufferings at seeing a sympathetic character transformed into a spouting lay figure by some sturdy, big-voiced man who believes himself an actor but who would make a better lumberman, may not count for much, but the effect on the box-office is immediate and obvious. Whatever may be said of Mr. Fitch's ability as a playwright, he is certainly up-to-date. Contrast with his

work that of Edward Harrigan, whose *Under Cover* is the first play from his pen in nearly a decade. Despite the fact that the production of the new Harrigan farce was made with every possible adjunct of modern staging, the impression given was that it was hopelessly old-fashioned.

Despite this, I cannot see how a man of Mr. Harrigan's experience could allow himself to use such a theme as he employed for *Under Cover*. The "plot," such as there was of it, was all about graveyards and bones. A cemetery was the butt of much of the ridicule, and everything possible was done to the poor inhabitants of the graves but haul them out on the stage. It may have been funny to say that when the cemetery was dug up "the bones could be used by Dockstader's minstrels," but it was certainly gruesome. The late Charles H. Hoyt tried to be funny over death in *A Milk-White Flag*. His

disaster should have been a lesson to others.

*THE RECTOR'S GARDEN*, the new play by Byron Ongley, produced by Robert Edeson the first week of his season, proved a dire failure simply because the great "situation" through which the play was expected to create a sensation proved hopelessly inane. I am told that this act is to be rewritten and it is to be hoped that it will be successfully so, for there is an abundance of dainty comedy in the play which merits for its author a better fate than this third act commands. I was very sorry to see Mr. Edeson's piquant little wife, Ellen Berg, cast for the leading lady's role in the new play. She is a clever actress, but she must never forsake comedy of the ingenue type if she wishes to stay in the hearts of her public. Grace George tried to walk in paths that were not for her, and *Pretty Peggy* and



BLANCHE BATES AND HER COMPANY IN "THE DARLING OF THE GODS"

its success have proven how wise was Mr. Brady to return his wife to the sort of part that fits her. Bertha Galland is another actress who must be careful of her steps. With the right character, she is delightful, but remove her from her element and she fails to grip.

**F**IRST Duse says she will and then she says she won't come to this country this season. As she is a woman, this is her privilege. Meanwhile, there are not likely to be international complications with Italy, even if she decides to remain there indefinitely. Mrs. Langtry, another imported star, appears to have made a New York hit in *Mrs. Deering's Divorce*, a play that was well received in Boston last season, because of a certain unique quality in dialogue and situation. How this play, with its captivating title, would go in Chicago!

**T**HE courts having decided that an actor's contract is no good unless he can be proved to be of "unique or extraordinary value," it is now in order for the management to feature on the programs such of their company as they wish to be sure of and keep. This sort of special designation, thinks the court, would prove that the player's services were unique and extraordinary. The decision was given in the attempt to compel Tyrone Power to continue to play *Judas* in Mrs. Fiske's *Mary of Magdala*. This actor had been alienated, so the story goes, by Charles Frohman, to play the title role in Stephen Phillips' *Ulysses*, and Mrs. Fiske's manager attempted to induce the supreme court to force him to return to his fold.

**I**T will be a "weepee" season, for not less than five Lady Macbeths are to go a sleep-walking. Mrs. Leslie Carter is certain to help murder Duncan, if not Shakespeare, while Mrs. Fiske threatens to do so. Mary Shaw will try the tragedy, if she can stop playing *Ghosts*

long enough, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Margaret Anglin are both ambitious to stalk grimly in tragic roles.



MISS IDA CONQUEST

"\* \* \* one of the most delightful comedienues the American stage has known of late years. She prefers the lachrymose drama, and the many 'weepee' roles she has chosen have done much to hold her back from the comedy triumphs which should have been hers."



# The Longest Way 'Round

By DALLAS LORE SHARP

AUTHOR OF "WILD LIFE NEAR HOME"

FROSTY weather and ripe persimmons had come with Thanksgiving close at hand. Uncle Jethro and I were husking corn.

"What had you rather have for Thanksgiving, Uncle Jeth?" I asked. "One of Horner's big bronze gobblers or a nice young gander?"

The old darkey paused, dropped his ear of corn from a paralyzed hand and looked me over with annihilating scorn.

"Gobbler! Gander! Dat! dat w'at I calls de las' ac'. Dat am de egregious misappreciation of circumstance and de proprieties dat's occurred to my personal cognition, sure! Dar am jes one time in de yhear fer no udder kine of meat but possum, an' dat time, boy, am de time ter gib thanks."

I wasn't exactly sure of the precise meaning of Uncle Jethro's words, but I was duly apologetic and instant with my promise to present him a big fat possum for Thanksgiving.

We had finished the shock and I had gone ahead, broken the binding on the next and pushed it over, while Uncle Jethro was kicking the stray ears into the pile.

As the stalks tumbled I looked down to see the mice run, when, to my astonishment, I saw curled up in a bed of corn-blades an enormous possum. He had taken the shock of stalks for his winter home and made his nest at its very heart, snug and warm and winter-proof.

He half uncurled, yawned and blinked as the white light of day burst upon him, but looked in no degree surprised nor showed the slightest intention of getting up.

"Uncle Jeth," I called, as calmly as I knew how, "would you mind if I brought you that possum today?"

"Min', chile? min'?" he chuckled, "ole Jethro done shut his doo' on a possum any day? Fetch him up, honey, fetch him up, Jethro gwine take him in."

"Well, how will this one do?" I exclaimed, catching the possum with a quick grab by the tail and pulling him up fairly under the old man's nose.

"De golden chariot am a-comin'!" gasped Uncle Jethro, jumping back with his unbelieving eyes bulging half out of his head.

"What dat! yo' chile yo'! Possum! De quails an' de manna an' de water in de rock!

Yo's de beatenes', yo' is. Yo' done been talkin' wid ole Miss Owl las' night, dat w'at yo' has."

But I stoutly denied this imputation. I had not been hunting the night before and hidden the possum here to surprise the old darkey, as he saw immediately on examining the creature's bed.

The great, fat, lazy fellow had slept in that bed more than one night, more than a month of nights. And here the shock was within a quarter of a mile of the house, and directly along our beaten path to the woods. Fifty times, at least, the dogs had passed this shock, had run round it, perhaps had sniffed it, and gone on, while the possum slept peacefully inside.

How?

Who knows the "hows" of possum ways? All that Uncle Jethro himself is sure of with regard to possum, is that by Thanksgiving there is nothing to approach it for a roast. You can trust Uncle Jethro's observations on this point.

But how did the possum succeed in establishing himself along the path and so near the house, where, except for the accident to his shock, which the longest-headed possum could not have foreseen, he might have lived indefinitely. In this way, partly. The corn-shock he chose was peculiar. Unlike any other in the field it stood close along the old worm-fence in such a way that one of the long cross stakes, used for a post, slanted out over the top of the shock.

Now a rabbit can't walk the top rail of a fence, nor climb out to the top of a tall slanting pole. But a possum can. A rabbit would have to creep under the corn-shock from the bottom, going in on the ground. A possum, however, would not have to do that way. He could walk the fence, climb out on the slanting stake, drop to the top of the shock and go straight down through the middle.

And that is exactly what this possum did. He came out the same way he went in, too. He never left his track on the ground near the nest nor his scent where a dog could find it. He may not have known that dogs cannot walk fences and climb poles. Perhaps not. But he knew two things, apparently, stupid as he looked. One was that a good

and sure road home lay a-top the rail fence; the other, that a pretty safe way to hang out his latch string was through the chimney.

Yet, perhaps this was only a cunning blunder, and not real woods wisdom at all; for it is difficult to believe in the mentality of so much fat and a chronic smile. One is not surprised at a coon's taking "the longest way 'round"—the way of the top-rail; but that a sleepy, lazy possum should discover it to be "the surest way home," comes as something of a shock.

I am inclined to think it was a blunder. He happened to walk the fence, climb the stake and tumble off into a soft spot. And if once, why not again? For, let a notion get into a possum's head, there it will stick. You can't get it out, nor get another in, there isn't room.

As an illustration take the case of "Pinky," a little possum we once possessed, who had a notion that he wanted to be domesticated.

Most wild animals stoutly resist all of our well-intentioned efforts to bring them up in back-yard ways, taking to the woods again at the first opportunity. I have tried them over and over, but every time they have escaped to the wilds—except in the case of Pinky.

He refused to stay in the woods even when taken back there, because, forsooth, into the tiny think-hole in his head had got stuck the notion that he wanted to be a domesticated possum; and that notion could not be budged.

Pinky was one of a family of nine, that I caught several springs ago, and carried home. In the course of a few weeks eight of the nine were adopted by admiring friends, but Pinky, because he was the runt and looked very sorry and forlorn, was not chosen. He was left with me. I kept him—his mother had choked to death on a fish bone—and fed him with milk until he caught up in size to the biggest mother-fed possum of his age in the woods. Then I took him down to the old stump in the brier-patch where he was born, and left him to shift for himself.

Being thrown into a brier-patch was exactly what tickled Brer Rabbit half to death, and anyone would have supposed that being put gently down in his home brier-patch would have tickled this little possum even more. Not he.

I went home and forgot him. But the next morning, when breakfast was preparing, whom should we see but Pinky, curled up in the feather cushion of the kitchen settee, fast asleep.

He had found his way back during the night, had crawled in through the trough of

the pump-box, and gone to sleep like the rest of the family. He gaped and grinned and looked about him when awakened, altogether at home, and really surprised that morning had come so soon. He took his saucer of milk under the stove as if nothing unusual had happened.

We had had a good many possums, crows, lizards, turtles and such like; so, in spite of this winsome show of confidence and affection, Pinky was borne away once more to the briers.

That night he did not creep in by the pump-box trough. Nothing was seen of him and he passed quickly from our minds. But he still kept his notion. That was as fast stuck in his head as ever. Two or three days after this as I was crossing the back-yard I stopped to pick up a large calabash-gourd that I had left on the wood-pile. I had cut a round hole in the gourd, somewhat larger than a silver dollar, intending to fasten the thing up for the blue birds to nest in.

It ought to have been as light, almost, as so much air, but instead it was heavy. The children had filled it with sand and left it here on the ground. I turned it over and looked into the hole, and lo! not sand, but Pinky!

His notion had brought him back. How he ever managed to squeeze through the opening I don't know; but there he was, sleeping away as soundly as ever.

He no longer had a notion: a notion had him. And what happened finally? A sad thing, of course. A creature with so limited a number of ideas could not come to a fine and happy end.

I took Pinky back to the woods the third time, and the third time he returned, but blundered into a neighbor's yard and—was drawn up, a little later, in a bucket of water from the bottom of that neighbor's well, still asleep, only—they could not wake him up.

It is not easy to reconcile such wit as this with the cunning of the fence-rail road and the chimney entrance. Yet this one of the corn-shock is not the only possum I have known to take a roundabout way home for the sake of hiding his steps. I was fooled over and over one autumn—we were fooled, the dog and I—until the snow fell, and the whole trick was written out in signs that our blundering wits had to understand.

Up at the top of the steep, wooded hill-side about Lupton's pond runs a rail fence along the edge of the fields. A number of old chestnut-oaks grow beside the fence, trees with clusters of great stems from single spreading stumps that are particularly gone

to holes. Ordinarily if one wanted a possum about all he had to do was to climb the hill, prod around in the holes until he felt something soft that hissed, then reach in and pull the possum out.

This fall they had all been pulled out. One day five came forth from a single stump, which seemed to exhaust the hill-side's crop for that year, so that I had quite ceased looking into the stumps for more.

What it was that the dog would start in the woods at the head of the pond, trail up the hill and lose, I was finally quite puzzled to know. At first I took it to be a coon, for there is no other creature in our woods so wily of his steps. One whose range is infested with dogs develops astonishing sense and caution.

He will usually go home by a tree-trunk road. Through the open country on the boundaries of his range he trots along without minding his steps. The dogs may have all the fun here with his trail that they can. He intends only that they shall not follow him clear home; that they shall not find his home-tree, nor even the vicinity of it.

So, as he enters his own neighborhood swamp, his movements change. The dogs may be hard after him or not. If they are not close behind he knows by long experience that they may be expected, and never so far forgets his precious skin as to go straight to his nest-tree.

Instead he trots along a boundary fence or in the stream, leaping the crossing logs and coming out, likely, on the bank opposite his home-tree. Farther down he jumps the stream, runs hard toward a big gum and from a dozen feet away takes a flying leap, catching the rough trunk up just out of the reach of

the keen-nosed dogs. He goes on up a little and leaps again, touching the ground ten feet out, thus leaving a blank of twenty or more feet in his trail.

The stream or fence has puzzled the dogs, but now, at the tree, they begin to worry. They circle and finally pick up the scent beyond the first gap, only to run instantly into a greater blank, one that the widest circling does not cross. For the coon has taken to another tree, out on the limbs of this to still another and on like a squirrel, from tree to tree for perhaps a hundred yards, on, it may be, on to his own high hollow.

It was such a broken trail that I thought my dog must be running. She would reach the crest of the slope and stop, balked. Over the fence, under it, and out far and wide she would go, but never a sniff of the lost scent.

One morning after a light snow, I went out to read the stories in the wide, white book and found, among the "foot-notes" of the hill-side page, that a large possum had been along the stream at the head of the pond, had gone up the hill to a fallen pine, out along this by way of the thick top to the fence-post and down the rails.

The hand-like prints were plain in the sticky snow; and so was the mystery of the broken trail. I hurried along the fence and saw ahead that a sagging post leaned in against one of the large chestnut-oaks. By instinct I knew that my possum was in that tree. Sure enough the snow was brushed from the post, there were signs on the trunk, and down between the twin boles was the hole, smooth, clean and possumy. The crafty old fellow had squeezed hard to get in and had left a hair or two on the rim of his entrance.

## A STAR IN THE LITERARY VAUDEVILLE

A LITTLE while ago Mr. Howells likened the modern magazine to the vaudeville. He might have gone farther, and pointed out the parallel between the stage and the whole business of book-publishing. The few fixed stars of the literary world—Mr. Howells and Mark Twain among them, with Mr. Markham and a larger host nobly aspiring—stand for the "legitimate" in American letters of the time. Twain does not wholly disdain the literary vaudeville: he does an occasional turn for big money. But the literary vaudeville as a whole includes all those gay and less ponderous talents frankly "out for the stuff,"—not writing for fame but for money

—the Dooleys, the Ades and in general the authors of the "greatest-ever" novels that head the best-selling lists. In this list, a rising star, is the sprightly young woman who signs herself Onoto Watanna, and whose newest novel (Harper's) is a delicately idyllic story of love in Japan, with a Bowery melodrama title, "The Heart of Hyacinth." The best thing Miss Watanna ever did was an Indiana fiction, but latterly she has written only of Japan. Japan has suffered much at her hands, but in this latest work she makes ample amends for it all. 'Tis a bright and pleasant story, handsomely dressed for the holiday trade.

Frank Pultnam

# The Man on the Barren

By EVA HAMPTON PRATHER

AUTHOR OF "IN THE LONESOME, SILENT SOUTH," "LITTLE BROWN ANN," ETC.

## VII

### CORN-PLANTING IN GWINNETT

**M**ARCH is corn-planting time in Gwinnett, and the charm of the windy hills, the shining plows, the springing sod, the ferny hedges, the bluebirds, robins, and crows had grown up with the daughters of the house of Huger. And so, on a sunny morning toward the close of the month, Octavia found herself with the little Hugers following the plowmen and the man with the level to the uplands beyond the wide barren of pines.

Soon the mules set to and the shining plows turned the mellow glebe. On the top of the hill was the burnt stump field, and, beyond the rail fence that bordered it, tall trees in which the crows perched to look on. Up there the Huger children took off their sun-bonnets to feel the clean kiss of the cool March breeze, and went hunting in the hollow stumps for bluebirds' nests, rolling up their sleeves and running their little pink arms deep, deep down to the eggs.

When they found a nest they marked the stump with a big B. B. hacked out on the charred surface with their jack-knives, and started out joyously again. Octavia watched them with delight, recalling her own stump-hunting days and helping them out with their happy shouts as each treasure-trove came to view. Then she returned to the plows. What wonderful, tiny creatures they brought out of darkness into light: field mice and moles, centipedes and earwigs, strings of lizard's eggs limpid as moonstones, and the loose pearls left by the land-snail.

Toward noon the horns from Egypt and the tenants' homes began to blow, one after another, some near, some far. Their music woke the echoes of the hills, and the plowmen left off at the foot of the steep. Their chains jingled with steely sweetness against their plowshares as they walked down to the west behind their hungry, hurrying beasts, turned the brow of the barren, and were lost to sight. The air trembled for a moment in sunny silence, and then filled with the stir of wings as robins dropped out of the sky and pounced on the lazy white grubs and scurrying larvæ of beetles.

In the corner of the rail fence, Octavia spread their generous lunch; the boys brought water from the hickory spring, and all sat down to eat. How they talked; all the little maids and men had stories to tell; their travels were bounded by the sunny field, but their discoveries embraced a world of wonders.

Toward two by the sun, came the black hired women with their buckets of coppers-corn. The negro boys drained off the green liquid and filled their



baskets with the grain. Soon they were off, four abreast in the furrows, marching on with the rhythmic drop-step of corn-planters.

As Octavia sat on a stump gazing down on their graceful motion, the light of the sunny world about her lying still in her dark and shining eyes, two men came over the brow of the barren, paused on the other side of the field, and looked up. In one of them she recognized Greg Huger, come to oversee the work; but the other, this tall, fair stranger? Octavia's hand went up to her little, round throat; the color left her face and returned with a rush; weak, runaway resolves formed themselves in her perplexed super-sensorium and wandered away again in shapeless vapors of futility.

They came on, the stranger lifting his hat as he came and approaching her uncovered.

"Octavia," called Greg, "will you come down to us, or shall we climb up to you?"

"This is my throne," answered the girl, "all subjects of mine come up."

"It's a pity," said the young farmer, looking down at his visitor's polished boots. "Perhaps we'd better wait on her majesty to change her mind."

But the other had not heard him; he was already crossing the fresh furrows, sinking in the warm, moist earth at every step and pulling out his boots with indifference, his hat still swinging in his hand and his bright hair shining in the sun. Having, after an incredibly short interval, reached Octavia's side, he exclaimed in buoyant tones:

"You see, I just couldn't keep away!" After which, realizing the inadequacy of his introduction, he added:

"I'm Moses Williamson. I couldn't help coming, you see."

Octavia was too overwhelmed to reply. Had not her father explained to her the terrible accusations, the contumely that might at any moment engulf this unknown? Had not the young man denied his presence on the barren and all knowledge of the place, even though his every gesture and movement witnessed against him? Must she not believe him connected mysteriously with crime? Might he not himself have killed Philip Troutman? She looked up and met the laughing blue of Moses Williamson's admiring eyes.

"I just felt it go all over me," he continued rapturously, "as soon as I saw you that day in front of Troutman's, that we were made for—" He hesitated a half second, the smile trembling on his lips as the sunlight trembled in his lashes, and added, "we were made to be friends."

Octavia laughed. Too late Epimetheus whispered to her hesitating spirit that she should have frowned.

"Oh," continued the delighted youth, "what a beautiful day it is and what a lovely land! These hills, these pines, the delicious odor of this mellow earth, the trills of bluebirds in the thickets as we came along! And you, the naiad of this enchanted ground. How have I lived so long without—" His rapid rain of words ceased abruptly as before. The same expression of alarm shot across his smiling eyes, and his auditor laughed again.

Whereupon, Mr. Moses Williamson joined in the laugh and sat himself down at her feet.

"Fact is," he said, sheer happiness ringing in his tones, "you haven't been out of my mind for the last three weeks." He was looking up at her as he said it, and she, a little as if she were being taken by storm, and fearing, she knew not

why, to trust herself to speech, turned on him one of those long-lashed, downward glances, which awaken thought in the masculine mind. He grew grave, then he said slowly and with some restraint:

"Your father thought that you had seen me here on your place a night or so before we met at Troutman's door-step; but if I had seen you on such a night wild horses couldn't have dragged me back to town again."

"I wish," answered Octavia, the inhibition suddenly removed from her speech and her customary composure reasserting itself. "I sincerely wish, Mr. Williamson, that I had not seen you the night you so lightly recall to me."

The young man did not at once reply. A slow, reluctant rose crept up to the edge of his hair, and his eyes darkened. The rippling brook of his clear, young voice seemed to have fallen into a pool when he finally answered:

"And I, too; I wish I could make you believe that lots of other fellows lift their hats like that."

Remorse seized Octavia. Without putting the wherefore to herself, she began again to doubt. The little mother arose in her heart and she felt herself rebuked by the troubled small boy that gazed at her out of the eyes of the man. She turned suddenly away toward the sunny, new-ploughed field.

The corn-droppers were crossing and recrossing it, the curving of the hill-furrows bringing the four boys gradually in line at the center of the arc, so that they seemed to melt at that point in a composite picture of one, separating as they moved onward until they resolved themselves again into four, and faced about like soldiers wheeling in rank, and never missing a step in their calculation of space, as they returned in reversed order on the furrows below. Beyond them the dark wall of the barren rose against the blue northern sky, and, at its western extremity, four lines of silvery smoke that marked the manor house she called her home straggled upward into the cooling blue.

Faint, far-off sounds impinged upon her ears; the stroke of an ax cutting wood, the creaking of a chain as a bucket was drawn from a well, the scream of the geese being plucked at some cabin out of sight. And all the time an insistent picture of the sweet asarabacca leaves of the barren, lying green on top of the floor of smooth pine needles with their crowded purple pitchers underneath, kept floating across her mental vision, as she sat motionless on the stump she had called her throne.

And Moses Williamson? The great Hebrew law-giver would have commended the prudence of his namesake could he have looked down upon the golden silence that held that gay and reckless prattler enthralled.

After I know not how long a time, Octavia's eyes fell for a shy glance at the young man's face. It was averted. The fair round of his cheek, the ear with its perfect rim, the thick, blonde hair seemed so innocent of evil deeds that the girl smiled to herself as she looked. After all, of what did he stand accused? Of the delivery of a perfectly proper epistle to herself? Of riding the saddle mare some twelve miles across the divide? Of the denial of it? Ah well, perhaps he had sworn to keep a secret; it was problematical.

"Mr. Williamson," said she, rising to her feet, "I am going to skirt this field over yonder by the rail fence. Will you walk with me?"

The young man got up, looked at her seriously as if doubting her invitation, but neither spoke nor smiled.

"Remember," called the girl to her brothers in the burnt-stump land above



her, "remember the Ear-ache Man and the March Wind come stalking out of the woods as soon as the sun is down!"

The children shouted back some merry reply, and put up the rosy roof of their little, grimy hands, to shade their eyes from the level sun as they watched the man and the maid sink down together toward the west.

She led the way, carrying the conversation, too, and touching in her talk the surfaces of things, as a swallow on the river dips down in his skimming flight, cools a purple feather in the green mirror, and is up again, fearful to image himself too seriously even there. Octavia was like all the women of her race: calm, fluent, sweet, with a play of gentle humor in her speech. The freedom of the farm, the liberal usages of good literature, the daily intercourse with men and women of good breeding gave of their refining charm to all that she thought and said.

At last they were down, and here there was a sort of level strip across which a brook rippled from a spring in the hill-side. A cow pasturing beside a log cabin on the farther side and some twenty hens and half-grown chicks shared the center of the scene with an old negro woman engaged in plucking geese.

The woman sat upon an overturned wash-tub, and behind her several other tubs, also turned over, rested on their wooden handles. From beneath each of these a long, white neck and a head with savage beak protruded, betraying the presence of the great Hong-Kongs.

Just as the young people came in sight, the woman uncrossed her legs, gave a sudden jerk, and released a plucked goose, which stood shivering a moment in the air and then ran shrieking toward the woods. A woodpecker in the tall sycamore by the stream ceased suddenly to ply his noisy drill and fluttered startled among the leafless boughs, then resumed his trade more vigorously than before as the goose disappeared toward the swamps. Without rising from her seat the woman made a dive for the next nearest neck, drew forth the struggling bird, wrapped head and beak tightly in her homespun apron, and planted it between her stout knees. Just then she looked up and caught sight of Octavia crossing the brook.

"You's come en kotched me, honey!" said she, taking her cob pipe from her mouth, "but I's erbleeged tuh hab dey fedders fuh merse'f."

"For shame, Aunt Becky," answered the girl.

"Oh, you neenter done shame me moan whut I is!" retorted the woman, looking down on her lawful prey. "De mos es folks en dishur worl' done keep it tuh deyse'f when dey loost dey close. But dese huh misser geoses, dey ain't got no modesty! Why, mun, des es soon's I hez tu'n um loost, dey squawk, des es loud es dey kin, 'Nay-ay-kid! Nay-ay-kid! Nay-ay-kid!' En de woodpecker, whut's er-settin' yander uppen de tree, he tun roun' en he look et um sorter 'tempchus lack, en he say, 'Good Gawd! Good Gawd!'"

Moses Williamson laughed. The merry peal struck gratefully on Octavia's ear. It seemed an age since she had heard it. She looked up suddenly, caught his eye and blushed.

"Dat yo' las' young man, honey?" continued the old woman. "Well, I'll gib yuh my 'vise 'pun 'im. Stop yo' flirtin', en take 'im. 'Fo' Gawd, yo' is jess made fuh one anudder."

"This is Mr. Moses Williamson, aunt Becky," answered the girl. "It is his first visit here."

"Den," retorted aunt Becky, unabashed, "I guv my 'vise tuh him stidder you. You jess stan' up tuh her, Mister Moses; en mine yer stan' up stiff."

"Thank you," returned the young gentleman, laughing again, and lifting his hat as he hurried away after Octavia, who now, ascending the green slope of the next hill, was skirting the border of the barren. They walked on silently, side by side. The round-faced sun went down in a mist of soft purple and they heard the ghostly whispering of the March wind as they struck into the wood-path that led beneath the pines. Octavia quickened her pace, but after a rod or two of rapid walking, stopped, stooped, and picked up a small, shining object from the ground where it lay, half hidden by a clump of heart-leaves, at the side of the path.

It was a man's silver card-case. A monogram filled the lower half of one face, but the light from the after-glow was of such a quality that it glanced along the shining surface and blurred the more delicate lines. The letters would not resolve themselves. She opened it, therefore, and drew forth one of the narrow cards it contained. The name looked sharply back at her from the dull white of the board. Octavia trembled. A vision of that poor face she had pitied and dismissed returned to her, that deadly gray face of the pall-bearer at Philip Troutman's obsequies. She returned the card to its case and closed it. Had Moses Williamson seen?

Full of self-reproach, she raised her eyes suddenly and met those of her silent companion. The beautiful face, etherealized with restrained emotion, the sources of which he did not know and, therefore, could not comprehend, produced an effect for which the owner was entirely unprepared. The young man immediately held out his hand to take leave.

"So soon?" said Octavia.

"So late," he answered, an unwonted tremor in his tone. "Yet I could wish it were early that I might spend the day again."

The girl ignored the compliment. "And would you," said she, holding out the card-case, "take this bauble with you?"

The young man hesitated half a second, then with a warm rush of color, received it from her hand and turned away.

## VIII

### THE SILVER RIDDLE

ON reaching the city, Moses Williamson made his toilet, dined, and then sought Mr. Lumpkin at his father's house in North Atlanta. Here he was invited into a small library, or study, where the person he sought was reading before an open fire, for the evening was chill.

The two young men had met frequently since Philip Troutman's death, but the great gravity that had fallen on one of them in those few weeks had seemed to separate him from his lighter-hearted companion and to age him materially.

"Glad to see you, Williamson," he now said with no great cordiality of tone.

Yet as he drew the younger man into the light of his shaded lamp, something in the face arrested his attention and he added with a touch of sympathy, "Has anything annoyed you of late?"

"No, nothing," replied the young man testily.

Lumpkin motioned to a chair in front of his own. When Williamson had seated himself, he bent forward and scrutinized the fair, flushed face before him.

"Nothing?" said he.

"Nothing," answered his visitor, the color deepening in his cheeks.

Lumpkin gazed at him curiously for some seconds, then suddenly sat erect and braced himself, as if to meet some expected shock.

"Do you know—" began the younger man, and ceased abruptly without completing his phrase.

"Do I know—what?" asked the older man, uneasily.

"Miss Huger?" answered his visitor, a swift tremor distorting his unhappy young face.

The older man looked puzzled. "Brand Huger's cousin, Miss Octavia Huger?" he said, as if recalling the name with difficulty. And, after a pause, as his visitor did not answer, "I am dull, Williamson, but I fail to see how you connect the young lady with me."

"In this way," answered the young man petulantly, and, drawing from his pocket the silver card-case, he tossed it to his host.

Lumpkin caught it, turned it over in his hand, looked with frank astonishment at his guest and responded: "I must ask you to explain yourself. I am overstrained, I think, and I have not understood you, Williamson."

"Miss Huger sent you that," exclaimed the young man, raising his voice.

Lumpkin flushed darkly but restrained himself—and bent his eyes on the card-case in his hand.

"You seem not to have seen it before," continued the young fellow insolently.

"I have never seen it before," answered the older man.

"Open it!" said Williamson.

Lumpkin did so. There were several slips of cardboard within. He drew them forth and arranged them side by side on the table before him. His hand trembled slightly as he did so. At length he replied in a voice full of emotion:

"Here are several cards; my own, and — others."

"Others?" exclaimed his guest, jumping up and approaching the table.

Lumpkin put his hand over them.

"No," he said, coldly. "You will first tell me, Mr. Williamson, how you came by this card-case."

"Miss Huger picked it up where you had dropped it in the pine barren adjoining her home," answered the young man sullenly.

"Impossible," said Lumpkin deliberately, "I was never there."

"Never there?" retorted Williamson.

"No," repeated Lumpkin, "I was never there."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Lumpkin," answered the young man, "but I called on Miss Huger today at her father's place in the country above here. I found her in the fields and we walked back together through the woods. She, somewhat in advance of me, stooped and picked up this case, opened it, and read your name. Then she looked up at me." Moses Williamson ceased speaking, his young face blanched, he gazed doubtfully into the serious, dark eyes of the man before him, as if fearful of the rightfulness of his conjectures, and added in a tremulous voice:

"If you had seen the look!"

"The look?" answered the older man relentlessly. "Will you be so kind as to describe this look to me?"

"No!" exclaimed the young man passionately. "If you are so insensible as not to adore so good, so beautiful, so lovely a thing as Octavia Huger, what difference can her look make to you?"

A light broke over the face of the grave man seated before the table. Something very like a smile warmed the cold, dark grey of his eyes.

"I misunderstood you, Williamson," he said gently. "It seems to me we misunderstand each other. The look you describe was probably intended for yourself."

The speaker turned away and bent his observation on the hand that covered the cards. This he presently removed, withdrew one of them, and exposed the others to view.

The youth at his side went from white to red and back again, the violence of his emotion throbbing in his ears, and obscuring his sense of sight. The thought, the hope that that self-revealing glance from those lovely, uplifted eyes, which in fancy still looked at him, could have been, not for the man before him, but for himself, overwhelmed and engulfed him.

Dollard Lumpkin, ten years his senior, practised in the ways of women, cool on that subject and on many others, was himself absorbed in reflections of a far different nature. He recognized the bond that held this mere boy to himself. But that Octavia Huger should comprehend it? That she should send him this practical proof of her suspicions seemed so apart from what he knew of her—that? He turned about in his chair and looked up at the young man. A glance confirmed his thought. Williamson's wide-open eyes owing to the violent agitation of his heart had lost their vision and he had so far failed to recognize the cards effectively spread out for him. But now his attention, arrested by the movement of the other man, came back reluctantly to his immediate surroundings and he bent mechanically over the table.

Of the three calling cards before him, the first indeed was Lumpkin's, but the second was Phil Troutman's, and the third was his own. He started as if awakened from a dream, looked hard at Lumpkin and then back at the cards.

"You have not played me a trick, Lumpkin?" he said, huskily, after a pause.

"I might with equal propriety put the same question to you," answered the older man. "But," and he laughed, "it is but too evident that the trick has been played on us both."

"And," he added with a side glance at the rounded cheek so near his own, "I wonder what the young lady would have said had this silver riddle opened to your ticket instead of to mine."

"Oh!" said Moses Williamson.

"I have not seen Miss Huger since I visited her cousin two years ago," continued Lumpkin easily, "but she was then like a cameo set in brilliants. I hope you may be so fortunate as to win and wear this peerless jewel."

The young man blushed.

"I've been beastly rude to you, Lumpkin," he answered, "and I don't suppose there's any apology too abject for me to make." He arose hat in hand.

"On the contrary," responded the older man, following him to the door and holding out his hand, "I hope we shall be stancher friends than ever after this."

When left alone Dollard Lumpkin returned to his seat under the lamp and drew from the book where he had slipped it the fourth card from the "silver riddle." This he placed beside the other three. The cardboard was of somewhat different quality, but the card was evidently that of a gentleman. The name, however, was quite new to him.

"Judson Weaver," he read aloud; "and who can Mr. Weaver be?"

Then he drew to himself a sheet of note paper, took pen and ink, and wrote:

"My dear Miss Huger:

*Mr. Williamson handed to me a card-case this evening. He says you sent it to me. The case bears the monogram J. W. Within are four cards, my own, Moses Williamson's, Philip Troutman's, and the fourth belonging to a Mr. Judson Weaver. This Mr. Weaver is unknown to me. I hold the card-case at your disposal, and await directions concerning it.*

*Cordially yours,*

DOLLARD LUMPKIN"

## IX

### THE SORROWFUL MYSTERIES

OUT at Egypt Octavia Huger said the sorrowful mysteries, the amber beads of her rosary glinting in the golden light from the hickory fire on her hearth, and the one green log chanting its Lenten melody of pain as its life-blood crept sighing from its cells and dripped in the gray ash beneath.

Outside on the barren a man came from the pines, crossed the bare, pebbly stretch that led to the eastern portico, crushing in his progress the scattered clumps of houstonia that struggled from the inhospitable earth and crunching carelessly the white quartz fragments that shimmered with the fair light of the full March moon, stopped half way, and looked up.

Above the square portico, a window of many narrow sashes extended nearly to the roof of the house and, here and there, a sash was raised in the trustful fashion that prevails among country folk. Below this window a wide double-door, like the one in front of the house, led onto the little porch.

The man looked about him. No vine clung to the walls and the columns of the portico were of Grecian simplicity. His eye caught sight of an old ladder lying against the base of the building some thirty feet down, for on this side of the house there was neither fence nor garden and all lay open to the pines. This he dragged to the porch and set up at the side. It reached two-thirds of the way. The man swung himself up, the length of his tall frame enabling him to leap the parapet above, and presently stood by one of the open sashes and peered in.

A dim light coming yellowly up from below met the silvery shine from without and enabled him to form some idea of the interior. Just below the window at which he stood a long and narrow seat extended across the width of a platform, where a double stairway from below gave pause and enabled those who ascended to reach the single flight of but two treads, which faced him and entered on the gallery above. On this gallery, octagonal in form, doors debouched from a number of chambers. The light shining upward through columns of some black wood seemed to indicate a sort of rotunda above a lower central hall. On the



window seat below him, tubs, in which some kind of small, cone-shaped trees were growing, were placed at regular intervals.

After a somewhat hasty survey, the man slipped through the opening and sat down on the seat. From here, by looking down the stairs, he could view a hall in shape like a cross of four equal arms. In the arm which faced him there were evidently windows looking toward the west; the northern arm, he knew, gave entrance to the place; but the light he had noticed came from the south, and voices also came from that quarter.

By descending the flight of stairs on his right, he could look around the corner of this southern arm, which, like the three other interior angles, was conveniently truncated to give place to a tall and narrow door of the same black wood that formed the columns above. There were no rugs or carpets, and the intruder glanced with some trepidation at the bare floor, before setting a cautious foot on the stair.

Then he drew his hat over his brow and went down. In the southern arm, a wide fireplace glowed with burning logs, sconces well filled with candles flanked the mantel, and a man and woman were in converse before it. A most commonplace family planning between a husband and wife went smoothly forward, and the tall man sat and listened on the stairs.

In the chamber just above him, the young girl completed the five decades of her rosary, sighed, and closed her tearful eyes in prayer.

"Lord God," she said, "Lord God, in the heinous depravity of my human heart, I have believed a fellow creature guilty of a terrible crime. I have presumed to judge and to assume Thy prerogative in my accusation of this man. And Thou, O God, hast made Thy servant to stumble and fall into the pit so dug. Thy servant's evil-thinking has recoiled upon her, and she loves this man whom she has so judged.

"And now, O God, hear Thy contrite creature, hear in the name of Thy beloved and suffering Son, perform a miracle of Thy grace, O my God, and make it to appear clearly to Thy servant that this letter that she received from him, she did not so receive. Let it be that Thy servant dreamed, O Lord, and that the letter came by the morning post."

The man on the stairs now caught this sentence from the woman at the hearth. It seemed to interest him.

"I have arranged with Octavia," said the wife, "to let us go in to confession tomorrow. I shall take Mary and Floride, and meet you and Greg at the church. We will dine at the Cary's, and come out on the eight o'clock train. Octavia can go in to mass on Thursday with the boys."

The man arose from his seat on the steps, ascended the stairs, stole out of the window, swung himself to the ground, replaced the ladder, and disappeared among the pines.

## X

### A CLOUDY ATMOSPHERE

GERARDEAU D. TROUTMAN sat alone in his private room in the rear of his bank, on Wednesday morning. The day was raw and the crowds that passed and repassed the large windows looked depressed. The women



especially seemed to see a probability that their Easter finery would lie away in the wardrobes at home and there might be no dress parade in store.

The banker was very still. His arm lay stiffly along the top of his desk, his fingers clasping the edge, and he stared out of the window into the street.

Shortly after the opening of the bank and near nine o'clock a gentleman entered the bank, walked up to the nearest teller, and asked:

"Has Mr. Troutman come in this morning?"

"Here ever since I came in, Mr. Lumpkin," responded the teller. "In his office, sir."

"I prefer to be announced," answered the gentleman, and he held out his card.

The teller motioned to some one at the desk. "Robert," said he as another young man stepped forward, "will you be so kind as to take this card to the president."

The man took the card and disappeared. Mr. Lumpkin sat down near the side door; but scarcely had he seated himself, when someone pushed it open, walked hastily up to the grating, and, in an excited aspirate, exclaimed:

"Sir, Mr. Troutman is ill! I have just passed the north side of the bank, sir, and have seen him through his window! Summon aid, sir, at once! I am sure Mr. Troutman has had a stroke!"

The teller looked bored; but the alarm had spread among the clerks, and there was a general movement toward the rear of the bank. As Dollard Lumpkin and the stranger reached the president's private room they ran against the young man coming out. He still had Lumpkin's card in his hand.

"Something's happened," said he.

Several employes and officers of the bank hastened to the banker's side. Mr. Troutman sat very straight in his chair. He had been writing, for his arm lay across a sheet of paper on which the characters were blurred, as if he had put down his arm while the ink was still wet.

Lumpkin was the first to lay a hand on him, and, as he did so, started back. The banker was quite stiff and cold.

"I am afraid," said the young man in a hard tone, "that Mr. Troutman has been dead many hours."

A babel of voices at once began. Who had seen him last? When had the banker arrived? What could have caused his death? And it developed shortly that no one had seen him leave the bank on the night before, nor had anyone seen him enter the bank on Wednesday morning.

A calling card at the back of the desk near the banker's ink-well now attracted the observation of the cashier, and he picked it up and read the name.

"Does any one here happen to know a Mr. Weaver?" said he. "A Mr. Judson Weaver?" he repeated. Dollard Lumpkin felt the cashier's eye upon his own.

"The gentleman sent up his card yesterday after banking hours," answered the door-keeper. "I let him in and out, but I'm sure I'd never set eyes on him before."

The cashier raised the banker's heavy arm from the written sheet, and, after casting his eyes over it, read aloud:

*"After mature deliberation, I have determined that it is my duty to clear the reputation of a young man who has been suspected of the murder of my son Philip*

*Troutman. As the circumstances surrounding his death, however obscure to others, are well known now to me, I desire to testify that my son came to his death feloniously at the——*" The banker had made a futile effort to continue writing, but from this point to the bottom the sheet exhibited only a series of unintelligible scrawls. The men passed it from one to another endeavoring to decipher the rest.

The arrival of the physicians presently cut short their investigations, and the paper was returned to the cashier. Lumpkin waited to hear the result of their consultation and to offer such services as an interested friend could perform. Many of those present questioned his impassive countenance and essayed to read his thoughts.

Finally, the verdict having been rendered that the banker had come to his death from paralysis of the heart and had probably sat in his chair all night, Mr. Lumpkin was about to leave the building, when the cashier called him aside.

"What about this Weaver, Mr. Lumpkin?" said he. "Had you never heard the name?"

Lumpkin hesitated. "No," he answered at length, "I believe I have not heard it mentioned."

"I thought—" said the cashier in some confusion.

"You thought," answered Lumpkin, bitterly, "that my face exhibited knowledge of him."

The cashier nodded.

"Well," said the young man, "it was of this Judson Weaver that I came here to speak. I have his card, and I had hoped Mr. Troutman could inform me of him."

"Oh, he left his card on you, too," said the cashier. "Ah, I see. Had we best suppress his name in the newspaper account of Mr. Troutman's death?"

Lumpkin hesitated again. "That should be," he answered coldly, "as Mrs. Troutman thought best; but were it left to me, I should suppress nothing."

The cashier looked his disapproval. "But, surely, Mr. Lumpkin," said he, "you would not advise the publication of this con—, this, ah, writing of Mr. Troutman's."

Lumpkin flushed. "I've lived out a long and rather to be regretted youth in this cloudy atmosphere," said he, "and perhaps the clouds only seem superfluous to me because they lie over my own house and garden. I beg that you will proceed as you deem best."

The young man bowed to the cashier and went out.

## XI

### THE ENEMY'S SIDE

LUMPKIN'S note to Octavia reached Suwanee by the morning post, but, as Greg Huger and his father did not return to the farm, lay in the pocket of the older man all day. Thus Octavia went about her duties with no farther concern for the card-case than to wonder why Moses Williamson had seemed so moved at its discovery. She did not wonder if he would turn; she knew that he would. We live at the casement for those we love. To the lover no meeting comes amiss. Every corner we turn will bring us face to face with him. Every

door we open will open to him. All avenues are but approaches to the beloved one.

So Octavia sang at her morning duties, sang too, in the quiet noon, and after nightfall sat smiling in the corner of the hearth in the southern hall while the two little brothers nodded and went into the land of dreams on the ends of the old hair sofa that filled half of the opposite wall.

The hours ticked away in the old hall clock, the candles burned green in the old sconces above her, the hickory logs sang songs to her of Summer days to come, of boatings on the river, of walks in the woods, of rides along the hills and slow horsemen pacing homeward through the twilight lands of love. But in the boat on the river, in the paths amid the pines, on the horses that climbed the hill-sides, one only other sat or stood forever at her side.

At the termination of an indefinite period, that peculiar sense of human presence other than her own woke the girl from her reverie, she turned in her chair, and lifted her absent eyes to gaze across the space in front of her.

There, on the opposite side of the hearth, sitting upright in a chair and looking straight at her, was the hero of her dreams. For a second or two she fixed her eyes upon him, feeling that he would presently fade from her vision and vanish like the phantoms of the night. But as her serious, troubled regard rested upon him, the man slowly lifted his hat and returned it to his head.

A chill, half of recognition, half of fear passed over the girl, the blood rushed to her heart, she made a visible effort to speak.

Irony smiled back at her from the hard eyes of the unfamiliar face across the hearth, and that, together with the stillness of his unaggressive pose, presently brought her to herself.

"Mr. Williamson?" she whispered.

"Mr. Judson Weaver," answered the man.

"Mr. Judson Weaver?" said the girl.

Mr. Judson Weaver leaned back in his chair and crossed his legs. A palpitant silence followed. Finally he said in semi-sarcastic tones:

"It has not occurred to you to scream?"

The color flashed into Octavia's ashen face; she arose proudly from her seat.

"To what do I owe the honor of your presence here?" she answered haughtily, her hand on the bell-rope at her side.

Her visitor did not change his posture in the least.

"Hoity-toity!" rejoined he, "you'd better resume your chair. There's really no cause for alarm. I've tampered with the bell-rope and put the infants to sleep; but my call is purely philanthropic in purpose." He took out his watch. "I've barely an hour in which to explain myself and to set you right about your whilom devoted. Sit down." This persuasively. "Our interview shall be conducted with the utmost propriety on my part."

Octavia sat down.

"Well!" continued the man, "I must congratulate you on your admirable acceptance of the inevitable." Poor Octavia was throbbing like a bird. "I am about to reveal to you a series of strange facts, which, curiously enough, seem to touch but two lives, yours and my own. The parties most intimately concerned appear to regard the matter as a nine-days' wonder better buried alive." He paused dramatically, but the silence that followed his cessation of speech admonished him that his time was brief.

"I have but just told this story to the banker Troutman, with somewhat more of circumstantial detail than I shall give to you, and he has offered me \$5,000 to leave the country and reveal it to no one else. As the devil himself cannot fathom the motive of the fish, I've determined to tell the story to you, for I take it that the woman who loved this Philip Troutman will not so willingly suffer him to lie in a dishonored grave."

Octavia blushed deeply and opened her lips. The man raised his hand in warning.

"He who commits a crime," said he, "is totally irresponsible. He is driven by some supernatural power. He does it in delirium. He comes out of it as innocent as an infant born in original sin. The crime which has been committed is as impersonal to himself, and, if skillfully accomplished, as interesting as an historical event."

Octavia gazed at the clock. The horrible insouciance of the man alarmed her. Her eyes returned helplessly to his face.

"You are impatient of the facts?" said he. "Very well, they are, briefly, these:

"A young gentleman from a distant state comes to the conscienceless capital of the New South to enjoy a Winter's social season. He has an enemy who follows him, for reasons best known to the enemy. The gentleman puts up at the most expensive hostelry in the place. His enemy takes an obscure lodging.

"On a certain night, we will say the twentyeighth of February, the enemy, knowing that an important letter concerning himself is to be found in the gentleman's pocket, resolves to get possession of that letter and to destroy the possibility of another of the same import from that source. For that purpose he enters the elevator of the hotel. To his surprise, the elevator boy addresses him as Mr. Williamson, the name of the very man he has come to see, and conducts him to the rooms he desires to enter. These are unlocked and the enemy goes in. He has scarcely had time to look around him, when he hears two men approaching, and, in order to avoid them, opens a door near at hand. He finds himself in a bath where a dim light is burning. He extinguishes the light. On the opposite side of the bath, another door stands ajar. He passes it and shuts it behind him. The two men who have just come in make themselves at home.

"In the meantime, the enemy takes a survey of the apartment in which he finds himself and discovers it to be the bed-chamber of the said Williamson. On the dressing-table he observes a new revolver, loaded. Considering it unwise to have any other weapon in sight than the one which he carries on his own person, he conceals it under the chiffoniere. A card-case also lies on this table. In it is but a single calling-card. This the enemy transfers to his own card-case, thinking that as he has been fortunately taken for Moses Williamson once, it may be necessary to himself to be mistaken for him again in the future. This done, he arranges a chair near the dressing-table and, turning out the light, awaits results.

"After a time, a tall man, very much of the figure he remembers this Williamson to have been — a man in his shirt-sleeves — enters the bath. By the dim light from the sitting-room the enemy takes this man for Moses Williamson; and to all intents and purposes, though he has turned out by some singular dispensation of Providence to be Philip Troutman, he remains Moses Williamson to this enemy of his. This Philip Troutman closes the door behind him and

comes slowly into the chamber, a letter in his hand, the light from the transom over the door of the bath giving little more than direction to his steps.

"Instead of turning on the light, he approaches the dressing-table, feels about on it as if for the revolver, and finally sighs deeply and sits down in the chair. The enemy, kneeling on the floor behind this chair, places his pistol to the temple of the man and fires. Strange to say, this Troutman only draws a deep breath and settles in his seat."

Octavia uttered a little sobbing cry and stood up, her hand over her heart. A frown crossed the brow of the narrator.

"Sit down!" he said harshly. "The man was a damned fool to boggle about in the dark, and I've no time to lose in telling you of it."

Octavia sank back in her chair.

"Now," said Mr. Judson Weaver, "you've my sympathy, or I shouldn't be here at my risk. And I wish, on my soul, it had been Williamson, since you take this Troutman's death so hard."

Octavia did not reply.

"Where was I?" said the man. "Oh, to be sure! Well, the man shrank in his chair and the enemy, supposing there would be developments, sprang up and ran into the bath, calculating to be behind the door when the other man rushed past him into the chamber where Troutman sat.

"Wonder to be told, nothing at all occurred. The enemy stood with beating heart against the door for some seconds, waiting, and then, presuming the other man had left, opened a little crack to see.

"There he sat, reading a book. He did not even look toward the door. The enemy measured the distance between the entrance and himself. He reckoned he could cover it unobserved. Between him and the exit was a low book-case, and on it two cards were lying. These were probably Williamson's. He picked them up as he passed, reached the elevator in safety, descended, and hastened down the street toward the station.

"On the way he looked at the letter which he supposed he had taken from Moses Williamson. The document he had expected to secure would have been directed to a lawyer in Raleigh. This was a note to a girl in Suwanee. He was about to cast it into the gutter when, reflecting that he might be observed, he restored it to his pocket and walked on.

"Now the enemy had deemed it necessary to establish an alibi on his departure from his lodging house. He had, therefore, explained to his landlady that he should be absent in the country for the night, but would return on the following day. And it had been his idea that, if success crowned his efforts, he would board an out-going train at once and escape from the scene of his exertions.

"Arrived, therefore, at the station, he went to the office to purchase a ticket. The only name he could recall was that on the envelope in his pocket. 'A ticket to Suwanee,' he said to the agent. The man handed it to him, made change, and replied: 'There's your train, over there, make haste!'

"He had just time to swing on before the engine pulled out. Judging by the price of his ticket, his destination was close at hand; so he seated himself, drew his hat over his eyes, and feigned sleep.

"On the seat in front of him were two men in conversation. The enemy listened. They were speaking of Moses Williamson.

"'Most remarkable young fellow;' said one of them, 'sent for me to come



down from Raleigh to see him. When I reached here he explained to me that he had a half-brother on his mother's side to whom he was much attached, but from whom his mother had separated him for several years past. That now that his mother's will had given to him her whole estate he wished to transfer half of the property to this brother at once.'

"'He does not know the whereabouts of the brother?' asked the other man.

"'No, it seems not,' answered the first speaker, 'but the transfers he had me make before I left the Piedmont this evening, and I am to advertise for the brother on my return. Williamson is satisfied that he is still in the Old North State.'

"'Generous,' said the other man.

"'Singularly so,' said the first speaker, 'considering that the Widow Weaver had all of her estate from Williamson's father, who was her first husband. And all the money was rightly his.'

"'The conductor called, 'Suwanee!' and the enemy went out.'"

Mr. Judson Weaver ceased speaking and sighed. Then he fixed his eyes on the clock and continued:

"Ah, me! What a sad world it is, after all. Men do not commit these deeds; but the devils that are in them. This poor enemy was only a tool, after all. He was not to blame."

Having made which fruitful reflection, he smiled in Octavia's pale face and went on:

"To return to the enemy; he descended from the train, asked the way to the home of the young lady and started on his two-mile walk along the river road. He has no idea to this day why he did it; but in the back of his stunned intelligence lay the belief that the letter was a love letter, and that the girl would grieve. Mind you, he was certain that he had killed Moses Williamson, and that the letter was his."

"Oh!" said the girl, "How—how sad! I wonder you do not die of remorse."

"I?" answered Mr. Judson Weaver, regarding her whimsically from the opposite side of the hearth. "I have explained to you that I feel no more interest in the matter than in an historical event. It's a thousand years old to me.

"Well, the enemy reached his destination, saw a farmer come up to the door, saw your brother go forth with him, and, suddenly fearful of recognition, hung about in the woods and waited for the girl, who, he understood from the conversation he overheard, would presently come along. She came, took the letter, and did not alarm the neighbors. The enemy wandered back to the house, and, having nothing to do, explored the grounds, found where the dogs were kept, how the gardens sloped toward the west, and the wheat lands toward the north. Lovely old place!" He nodded to the pale daughter of the house, looked pleasantly at the clock and proceeded with his singular narration:

"After-a-while another man rode up to the door on a good sorrel mare, got off, hitched the mare, and went into the house. Without much intention of any sort, the enemy mounted and rode away. In half an hour he struck a good road and, reckoning that it would lead somewhere, kept to it.

"About dawn, he entered a county site. A negro driver was leaning on a barn-lot gate. The enemy asked about the railroad and was told that it led 'to Atlanta fust, en den to Athens.' 'When to Atlanta?' 'Now'n a minute.' 'Whose barn is this?' asked the enemy. 'Marse Brand Huger's,' said the man.



"That was good luck for the enemy. He dismounted, handed the bridle to the man, and said: 'I was told to leave this mare here. Mr. Huger will call for her during the day.' The negro seemed quite satisfied, and the enemy bought his ticket and boarded the train.

"When he reached his lodging house, he went to bed and to sleep. About one o'clock, going to a lunch counter to breakfast, he was touched on the elbow by his neighbor, who said to him: 'How about this here Susan Side at the Piedmont?' The enemy answered that he had but just come in by the road from the northeast and knew nothing of the said Susan Side. From this man he then, for the first time, learned of Lumpkin's and Troutman's visit to the Piedmont and of how Troutman had killed himself in the dark.

"On the following day the enemy returned to Raleigh, called at the office of the lawyer he had heard talking on the train, and inquired the whereabouts of Moses Williamson. The lawyer told of the transfer of which he was already informed. Remaining in Raleigh several days, he signed the necessary papers, wrote a letter of thanks to Moses Williamson in which he declared that he was going to Richmond on business, but hoped shortly to see him in Atlanta.

"Several days ago he returned to the place, and yesterday afternoon, passing by the bank and seeing Troutman at his desk, was moved to fathom the motive of the banker's singular action in regard to his son. But it came to nothing, as you see. Troutman said that he disliked notoriety, and preferred to leave the matter as it was. In fact, would pay liberally to leave it alone.

"Then, driven by an unaccountable desire to set the gentleman he had inadvertently converted into an inconsiderate imbecile, right in the estimation of Miss Octavia Huger, and trusting in the kind Providence which has so far protected him in wonderful ways, the enemy called tonight upon the young lady in question."

Mr. Judson Weaver rose smilingly from his chair, having become so interested in his own story that he had made it absorbingly so to Octavia, who now, drawn out of her prudent silence, fell into the sudden un wisdom of speech.

"Your card-case," she said, "you lost it on the barren?"

"Did I?" responded Mr. Weaver in amiable tones. "Then you will get it for me before I go."

"I cannot," answered the girl, "I've sent it to Dollard Lumpkin."

The face of the man changed instantly. The devil he had mentioned sprang to his terrible eyes. He moved toward the trembling girl—stopped, listened, turned, ran rapidly up the stairway, and leapt from the lifted sash.

"Octavia!" called her father's voice without. "Octavia! Octavia!" and they shook the great hall door.

The girl pulled herself together, ran forward, turned the key in the lock, and fell into her father's out-stretched arms.

## XII

### THE OLDER BROTHER

SOME ten minutes thereafter, tremulous and unable to utter a word, Octavia opened her eyes on an excited group. Her little sisters were running hither and thither in search of restoratives; her mother pressed a cordial to her lips;

her father plied her with swift interrogatories as soon as consciousness returned. The mingled odors of coffee, turpentine, tea, vinegar and wine impinged upon her senses; faces tender and full of solicitude swam confusedly before her eyes, gradually blotting out that visage which had so unnerved her.

Finally, a tall and quite superfluous young man, holding a feather duster in one hand and an empty pitcher in the other, began to proffer his services in subdued and anxious tones. Octavia sat up.

"Mr. Williamson," said she.

The young man dropped the duster and the pitcher, which shattered into a thousand fragments. Tears bathed the pale cheeks of the young girl as he stooped to pick them up.

"No, no," she exclaimed, the joy of her heart betraying itself in her voice, "No, leave them there. Come here and sit with us." She indicated the chair from which Mr. Judson Weaver had told his strange story.

Moses Williamson took the seat; his youthful, bewildered face was full of the solemnity of happiness. The lithe simplicity of his tall frame, like and unlike that other, brought a sense of security to the girl. She marveled how she could have mistaken this grave, one-idea'd lad for that elaboration of the evil one.

"You have a half-brother?" she ventured at length, her eyes beaming softly above her sweet lips.

"Yes, poor Jud," answered the young man, the unlooked-for favor in which he found himself weighing upon him, "he has been unfortunate all his life."

No one replied.

"Poor Jud," said Moses Williamson again, "he loved me so dearly, wanted to be so like me in everything! I've always been determined that if ever I had a chance he should have a little showing in this world, some of the things I've had and enjoyed and he has missed."

Octavia clasped her hands, but her question had unbound such a flood of old, rebellious love for that poor little Jud, over whose wrongs the older boy had brooded, that, without looking toward his listener, he went straight on to the end of his simple tale.

"I think my mother's hatred for his father (my mother married again in less than a year after my father's death) rebounded on their little boy. And he's had no love at all in all his life, poor Jud! I absorbed it all. But I'm sure that could my mother return to earth she would mete out to him a tardy justice, and so I've—" Moses Williamson hesitated and cleared his throat, "I've carried out her wishes and given him—some of what he ought to have had." The young man ceased speaking and gazed into the coals.

One of those sudden inspirations which men call feminine deceit came to Octavia. She leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes.

"I am so tired, mother dear," she sighed.

"Dear Mr. Williamson," said her mother anxiously, "my daughter is weak from fasting, she is overwrought; will you not go back to Suwanee with Greg, and come to us on Easter morning, after mass? Make our house your home while you are here, and dine with us that day."

The young man arose from his chair and looked down on the girl. Her dark lashes swept her pale cheeks. He stooped and pressed a gentle kiss on the little hand that lay upon her mother's. His eyes met the wise old eyes of Mrs. Huger, and they smiled at each other. Then he followed Greg Huger softly and

seriously out of the house. That night the farmer's daughter repeated to her mother Judson Weaver's strange story.

"My child," commented that sagacious matron, "there are many things too delicate to entrust to the dull intelligence of men. The identity of this man on the barren is one of them. You cannot tell this story to Moses Williamson without reflection on the unwisdom of his good mother, who, with the best intentions, has produced the most lamentable results. I have all my life observed that the badness of the bad was the direct outcome of the over-goodness of the good; and be assured that an all-wise Father will bring Mr. Judson Weaver to a suitable end.

"Your father learned in town that the elder Troutman had died of heart-failure this morning in his bank, and it seems the very irony of fate that he is now suspected of the murder of his son. Nevertheless, Octavia, the revelation of this man on the barren, we must leave to Omniscience alone, for He only can wisely use it for good."

### THE CROSS-ROAD

BY CORA A. MATSON DOLSON

**Y**OU say the cross-road lies ahead,  
Where one of us must walk alone;  
There is not room for both to tread,  
So narrow has the pathway grown.

We found the entrance, you and I,  
To this fair road that springtime day,  
And swift our eager feet to try  
The violet-sprinkled, hidden way.

As we went on our steps grew slow;  
My arms a one-time burden bore;—  
And then I lost,— I did not know  
How sweet a burden 'twas, before.

Rain-steeped, tonight the locusts sway  
With fragrance of an old-time June,  
And in some home, not far away,  
A woman sings a soft, low tune.

I know the song! I used to sing  
Those same notes in that long ago,  
Of nested birds 'neath brooding wing—  
Before I laid my burden low.

I know not where the cross-road lies;  
Yet may it lead where memories are;  
Where firm, enduring mountains rise,  
And high above them shines a star.

# Annexation in Canada

A REJOINDER TO "THE AMERICAN INVASION OF CANADA"

By JOSEPH HOWE DICKSON

FREDERICTON, NEW BRUNSWICK

WE can readily understand why, to the people of the United States, the idea of the annexation of Canada to that country should not only be very popular, but very much to be desired. The idea is in keeping with the new policy of territorial aggrandizement upon which that country has recently entered, and we can very well pardon the ambition of our neighbors to round out the domains of the Republic by the addition of the young Dominion to the north. The reasons, on their part, for the consummation of such a union are so great, and so obvious, that it is unnecessary to enumerate them, and is entirely beside the object of this article, which is to give our neighbors a fair and correct idea of the sentiments of Canadians upon the subject, and the true direction of their ambitions.

Perhaps, that there may be no misapprehension on the subject, I had better say at the outset, that the idea of annexation to the United States is not entertained by any political party, or set of men, in Canada. But once only in our history has the annexation of Canada to the Republic received any countenance worthy the name, and upon that occasion it was almost pardonable. In 1849 the old governing class were so displeased at the action of Great Britain in granting self-government to the North American colonies, and over the passage of the Rebellion Losses bill, that a manifesto was issued advocating annexation to the United States, signed by a number of persons of more or less prominence. The agitation—or rather display of spleen—was of short duration, and although the signers were, and their descendants have been, reproached for their hasty action, yet they soon repented, became loyal citizens and many afterwards occupied the highest public positions and were the recipients of honours from Her Gracious Majesty, the late Queen Victoria.

It may seem strange to our neighbors that we should be so averse to a union with them, with whom we have so much in common, and in favor of which so much of material advan-

tage to us can be urged; yet to us with our history behind us and what seems to us to be the path of duty and destiny clear before us, it seems otherwise.

In considering this subject it is important to remember the stock from which we spring and the manner of our national up-building. The foundation upon which Canada was built were those colonies that during the Revolutionary struggle remained loyal to Great Britain. These were reinforced at the close of the war by the United Empire Loyalists, a band of determined men who remained loyal and fought throughout the war on the British side, and rather than become subjects of the new Republic preferred to seek new homes in the Canadian wilderness, with all the hardships and privations that such a choice entailed.

The British colonists had only fairly recovered from the disturbance caused by the war of the Revolution when the war of 1812 came upon them. This renewed the feelings of bitterness which time was slowly allaying, and they fought throughout the struggle against their old enemies, with the aid of a handful of British regulars, with a fierceness and success that has but few equals in the annals of history. The official records of the United States show their losses in that war, in killed, wounded and prisoners, to have been greater than the combined Canadian and British forces in the field. Denison says: "The result of the three years fighting was that twelve distinct invasions by superior forces of the enemy were defeated and the invaders driven out of the country, making it a victorious war for us." The late Sir John Bourinout says: "The war did much to solidify the various elements of British North America, during its formative stage. Frenchmen, Englishmen, Scotsmen from the Lowlands and the Highlands, Irishmen and Americans united to support the British connection."

The battles of the Revolution and the war of 1812 have been fought over again at thousands of Canadian firesides, and have been treasured up in song and story. During this

year the Canadian Magazine is reproducing Dr. Hannay's *War of 1812*, which is doing much to bring that publication into public favor.

With such a beginning it is not surprising that in every important step taken by the Canadian people in the progress of their nation-building, whether as separate provinces, or since their confederation, has had in view not only the preservation of British connection, but the making this country as completely independent of the United States as possible.

To this end the Inter-Colonial railroad was built at a cost of \$60,000,000. This road was built as part of the cost of the confederation of the provinces into the Dominion of Canada, and was built northward through New Brunswick to a point near the city of Quebec, instead of through the more fertile part of the Dominion, for obvious military reasons. The Canadian Pacific railway was largely subsidized—to the extent of some \$70,000,000 in cash and lands—in order that we should have communication with our great West without being dependent on the American railways. The construction and enlargement of our immense canal system at a cost of some \$70,000,000, insures the transportation of every bushel of our yearly increasing wheat crop, through our own territory, to our own ports for shipment. The recent abolition of the tolls on those canals makes the cost of transportation by our own St. Lawrence route to be nearly two cents per bushel less than by any other route. The present year will see the commencement of a government railway to be built from the maritime provinces to Winnipeg at an estimated cost of \$50,000,000, to meet the great tide of traffic between our East and West, and its extension to the Pacific coast by a company given substantial aid by the guarantee by the government of its bonds.

In addition to these large undertakings is the contribution to the all-British cable around the world, large subsidies to steamships to ply between British and other European ports and Canada, and other similar expenditures; and in all grants of public money for the purpose named it is made a condition that all roads must be built to, and all services be to and through Canadian ports; and it is stated that the reason that the government is building the road from Moncton to Winnipeg is that it may retain absolute control and thus preclude connection with any United States port.

Any fear of a feeling in favor of annexation being engendered by an American emigration that has or can take place is scarcely justified by a careful examination of the premises. Our western provinces have been founded by the descendants of the same men who founded the eastern provinces, on the same lines and imbued with the same feelings in reference to British connection and independence of the United States. All those emigrants who come to Canada and settle must either take the oath of allegiance to Great Britain and Canada and thus become loyal subjects, or remain without any voice in our political affairs. Taking into consideration the present sentiments of the citizens of our great West, and the probability that emigrants from the British Isles and other countries will always be as great, if not greater, than the American emigration, precludes the idea of any sentiment in favor of annexation becoming predominant. Again, a very large number of the American emigrants came originally from either Canada or Great Britain, and will find our institutions so congenial that no thought of annexation will ever enter their minds. In this connection the Canadian emigration figures for the fiscal year just closed are interesting. In round numbers our total immigration was 124,000, of whom 44,000 were from the United States, 41,000 from the British Isles and 39,000 from other countries. To us, with our institutions so slowly and so firmly built, and with the great care that is now exercised in admitting emigrants, their assimilation with our body politic is not nearly so serious a problem as it was to the United States at an earlier period of her history.

Another ground of hope that our neighbors sometimes cherish as likely to make in favor of annexation is that we are composed of two distinct races. While such is the case, a glance at our history from that point of view would speedily dissipate that idea. The French Canadians could not naturally be supposed to be so enthusiastic in favor of the British connection as their fellow colonists of British descent; yet in the people of New England they recognized their old enemies who did more than any others to drive the French flag from this continent. Under those circumstances they preferred to throw in their lot with their British fellow colonists, and they not only remained true to Great Britain during the Revolution and the war of 1812, but did gallant service in the defence



of Canada, especially in the last-named war. In shaping our institutions their language, their laws and their religion have been preserved to them, and there are not today any more loyal subjects of His Majesty, King Edward the Seventh, than the French Canadians. They have taken their full share in the making of Canada, and in fighting the battles of the Empire have stood shoulder to shoulder with their fellow subjects of the English race. As public men they have occupied the highest positions in the gift of the Canadian people, and have so well discharged their duties to Canada and the empire as to have been honoured by their sovereign in appreciation of distinguished services. Our present premier, Sir Wilfred Laurier, who occupies the highest position to which a Canadian can aspire, is a worthy representative of the race, and enjoys to a higher degree the confidence of the whole Canadian people than any other man who has occupied that high and responsible position.

Under the old reciprocity treaty of 1854 Canada prospered greatly, and for a long time after its abrogation in 1866 there was a strong feeling in favor of its renewal. In 1891 the late Sir John A. MacDonald carried the general elections of that year on that issue, but since 1897 the feeling in its favor has been abating until now it is very doubtful whether or not public opinion will justify the meeting of the joint high commission for the further consideration of the subject. Our trade has sought out and found new channels that have proved most prosperous and there is no present desire to make a change.

It has been a complaint that Canada has been obliged to get its news through American news agencies: that complaint has been remedied by our Parliament at the present session making a grant towards establishing an all-Canadian cable service, and is only

another proof of our determination to be under no obligation to our Southern neighbors in any respect.

We like our institutions, which are formed after the pattern of those of the motherland as nearly as the circumstances will permit. Under them we enjoy the greatest possible freedom in the exercise of the rights and privileges of self-government, with the minimum of restriction and expense. Our laws are most ample for the punishment of crime and for the protection and security of the civil rights of the people.

While there is much to admire in the way our Republican neighbors administer their affairs, yet there are many things that do not commend themselves to our more conservative people. The disturbance to business caused by presidential elections; the election of judges, and the facility of the divorce laws, are all matters that we think we do well in having avoided. The negro problem, too, with its lawless lynchings, which must result either from defective laws or the inability of the authorities to enforce them, it is a blot upon the national escutcheon with which Canadians would not care to be identified.

There was a time, perhaps, in our history when our destiny seemed somewhat obscured, and men of sense and ability differed as to what it should be; but that day has gone by. Our ambitions are in the direction of closer relationship with that great Empire, which, although her flag "for a thousand years has braved the battle and the breeze," and floats over 400,000,000 subjects, is yet in its infancy. All our efforts are directed towards the unity of the British Empire now in progress and of which we feel that, in the words of the Right Honourable Joseph Chamberlain, recently uttered, "United we can become the greatest empire in history and the greatest blessing to the universe."

## NON-RESISTANCE

BY ELIZABETH FRY PAGE

A BEE: lights on a snow white rose—

It is an ugly thing, but she  
Stirs not a petal and shrinks not.

She has no fear of any bee.

The insect drinks from her sweet cup,

Is pleased that she is not alarmed,

Then, humming, goes upon his way,

Leaving the pretty flow'r unharmed.

On flies the bee until he meets

A child of man, and comes quite near.

The human creature, drawing back,

Strikes at the insect in his fear.

Seeing his attitude, the bee

Gathers his venom, and doth spring

Upon the man, and cause his flesh

To smart beneath an angry sting.



# June Winston

## A NOVEL COMPOSED OF TEN SHORT STORIES

By *CARRIE HUNT LATTA*

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF JAMES CARRINGTON, JR."

### THE THIRD STORY

**T**HREE small boys were slipping stealthily down an alley. The leader paused for breath, and, hiding behind a stable door, fanned his flushed face with his torn hat. It was "the boy who grinned;" June Winston's fondest admirer.

"We'll soon be safe, fellers," he panted.

"If we git a-past your house, Bill, we're alright," one of the boys answered.

"Well, lay low, keep close to the fence, an' here goes fer a home run. One, two, three, git!" he directed, giving his trousers a hitch and jamming his hat tightly on his head.

Noiselessly they ran at the top of their speed. As they passed a yard where the branches of an apple tree hung low over the fence, the leader's eyes widened perceptibly and he ran wildly, regardless of a stubbed toe and a stone bruise, two ailments which had prevented him from walking to the shed for a load of wood, at the request of the help, that morning.

As they were almost past, there was a scrambling sound against the fence and a shrill voice said:

"Will-ee? Willie Grant Anderson-if you-don't-stop-this-blessed-minnit an'tell me what you're up to, I'll-tell-your-ma-a-a. Will-ee? Oh Willie-e."

And, although Nancy, the help in the Anderson household, had talked just as fast and loud as she could, Willie and his companions had turned a corner and were quite out of sight before she had finished speaking.

As the three left the village behind

them they slowed their pace and by the time they had climbed a fence and were crossing a meadow they were walking quite slowly.

"That's what I'd call a hair-bre'th 'scape," murmured the leader. "How'd you like to have had one like that, White-Wash? Er you either, Skeet?"

"Aw, that wasn't so much," answered "Skeet," whose name in the family Bible at home was written—John Henry McPherson.

"You ain't all of it, Bill," "White-Wash" said angrily. "I'm up to it just as much as you are. Mother told me this morning at the breakfast table to 'Remember,' and when she said it, she pointed to the strop. That's the third strop they've had. Wore out the other two," he went on musingly.

"Only boy in th' fambly, too," he added. "Wonder why it ain't the fashion to lick girls with strops, too. They couldn't stand it, though, could they?" he asked with a sneer of disdain.

"White-Wash" George, christened Washington George, his mother being a patriotic woman who claimed a close relationship (which no one could quite understand) with some one who had lived in Washington's time, had been named for this same Washington but,—alas! He had been nicknamed "Wash." Then, on account of his hair, which was undoubtedly white, the name had been changed to "White-Wash." Much to his mother's disgust.

The boys climbed another fence, glanced at a nice, new sign-board on

which was painted in large, black letters, "No Trespassing," and followed a narrow path through a deep wood.

Then, with the boy who grinned in front, they walked faster, then ran. And as they caught sight of a stream of water glinting in the sun, they uttered a smothered shout. Unbuttoning as they went, they skinned off their clothing and plunged into the shining water.

Ah, there was nothing like it. How cool! How delightful! What of the consequences that were sure to follow,—if their parents found out about it? For here the stream was both deep and wide. And "very dangerous" all the parents declared: consequently the very spot chosen by the boys for a "swimmin' hole."

They dived and swam, pushed a log into the stream and bobbed about on it. Splashed water on each other until they were almost exhausted. Then, "Skeet," being the oldest, and having the strictest father, squinted at the sun and declared that it was near "eatin' time" and they must "git."

"White-Wash," with visions of the "strop" in action, agreed with him. But Willie argued.

"Aw, you fellers. I planned comin' here an' I ought to say when to go. Yer cowards. I'll back you out swimmin' to the Bend. Then we'll all go."

But, once having had the said vision, "White-Wash" was climbing out and stood on the bank flapping his arms to get dry. "Skeet," who was hungry, followed his example, but Willie, with a look of contempt, started off up the stream.

"Now we ain't goin' to wait fer you, Bill," "Skeet" called.

"Yer hair won't git dry 'fore you git home," warned "White-Wash."

"Shut up," Willie spluttered and he splashed off.

And then and there William Grant Anderson made a mistake: his reply

made them angry, and they hurriedly planned revenge. They hustled into their garments, and before Willie started back from the Bend they were climbing the fence between the woods and the meadow.

When Willie reached the bank and climbed up, spitting and breathing hard, he looked about. Then, as his brow darkened, he said emphatically:

"Darn it! I'll get even with 'em."

And the cause of it? Not because the boys had gone off and left him. He would rather have had them stay, but he had come to this place alone more than once.

But the reason was, that on the spot where he had left his little cotton trousers there was nothing at all. To be sure, the blue waist, with the wide, ruffled collar, in which his mother took so much pride, and which he heartily hated, was on a bush just where he had flung it.

But when one wears only two garments, an upper garment and a lower garment, and the lower garment is missing, and one is a mile and a half from home, the situation is serious, not to say embarrassing.

Willie made a hurried search. No trousers. He frowned, scowled, made threats. But all to no avail.

Wrapping his waist about him, he sat down to think. He whistled. Then he fell to digging holes in the sand. He built walls and forts out of pebbles. He listened to the birds as they sang in the trees and tried to imitate them with shrill whistles.

But all this was tiresome to a hungry boy. A hungry boy who had been fooled. He laid down in the hot sand, and, watching the white, fleecy clouds float to and fro, listening to the wind in the trees he fell asleep.

He dreamed that he found his trousers behind a log, and when he awakened with a start he got up to look. He peered

about carefully, first, however, planning, if he saw any one coming, to jump into the water. In his undressed condition, he thought he would make a better appearance there than anywhere else. But everything was still and there was no one in sight.

It took him some time to find a log, and when he at last found one he hurried to it eagerly. No trousers.

"I never did believe in dreams, no-how," he muttered, with a little catch in his voice as he returned to the bank of the stream.

He sat down and sat there very still. He thought it all over. How could he get home if the boys did not come back? He couldn't. He would have to stay there and starve to death. Tears of self-pity rolled down his freckled cheeks. He dried his eyes and nose on the back of his hand.

"I ain't even got a hankercher," he moaned. A fact which he had never in his life mourned before.

Then, thinking for awhile longer, he decided he might as well have one more swim before he died of hunger. So, he plunged in and enjoyed himself, as well as one could with such an awful gnawing in one's stomach.

After half an hour he decided to renew his search. He got out of the water at a little different place than before and as he rose to his feet, his white body gleaming in the sunlight, he saw something. His trousers. Hanging low on a limb of the tree against which he had been leaning all the while.

"That's the blamedest part of it," he said angrily, jerking the trousers from the limb.

"If they'd hid 'em good I wouldn't a-cared. Just wait. I bet I lick them fellers."

Sobbing with anger and hunger, he trotted away toward home.

\* \* \* \*

Pearl Marie Henderson, one of June

Winston's particular friends, had "gone by" for June, so that they might go to Alida Slade's birthday party together.

As they sauntered along under June's little pink parasol, Pearl Marie whispered something in June's ear.

"Oh, you ought not to have done it," June said reproachfully.

"I know it," answered Pearl Marie, looking ruefully at a small bottle which she held in her hand. The bottle was only half full.

"You see," she explained, "I thought I would put just the tiniest bit of the perfume on my handkerchief, but just as I got the cork out I stubbed my toe and spilled all but this. I've a notion to go back home and not go to the party a step. Think of giving a bottle only half full of perfumery to a girl for a birthday present. I'm so 'shamed.'"

She brushed a tear from her cheek and looked appealingly at June, who regarded her with compassion. They walked along thoughtfully.

"I'll tell you, Pearl Marie, we could fill the bottle up with water. It would still look like perfumery and it would smell—some."

Pearl Marie put her arm around June.

"Oh-h, let's," she said eagerly.

So they entered at the next gate and smilingly asked for a drink of water. On being directed to the pump, they hurried out and did the thing which afterward caused Alida Slade to wonder why that perfumery had no perfume.

As the two little girls went on their way toward the Slade house, they saw coming, on the same side of the street, a familiar figure.

"The boy who grinned," looking thoroughly disreputable. He had intended, when nearer home, to take to an alley. Now, catching sight of June, the beloved, he wished from his soul he had done it before.

His mother always compelled him to dress up a bit every afternoon; said it

was good for his morals. But now, look at him.

And look at June. Oh, do look at her. He had seen her when he thought she looked pretty and sweet, but now she was beautiful. He had seen her in white and blue but never before in pink.

A pink dress trimmed in pink ruffles. A pink sash, a pink hat with a wreath of pink morning glories: while from just underneath the brim peeped the end of the pink bow in her hair.

What would he give to be walking by the side of her? That is, if he had had on his Sunday suit. But now, what could he do? There was no place to go in, no place to hide. And if he ran away,—but that was not to be thought of.

How he envied the little cricket which he heard chirping merrily, hidden away in the grass. Or the great, brown grasshopper on the fence. Then he could jump away where he could see yet not be seen.

Then, as the girls drew nearer, he did a very curious thing. Taking hold of the top of the fence with both hands, he vaulted lightly over it, then back, and so on, very, very fast, in spite of the stubbed toe and the stone bruise on his poor heel. And this he kept up until, above the roaring in his head, came the sound of a shrill voice screaming:

"Oh, you bad little boy! You get right out of my flower-bed and stay out."

As he righted himself and the girls were quite close to him, he leaned over and jerked the soiled rag from his stubbed toe and left it raw and bleeding. He rammed the rag in his pocket, and, grinning widely, and at the same time feeling blindly for the buttons which held his little waist and trousers together: for it had occurred to him that his exertions might have caused them to come unbuttoned. But it was worse.

There, right before June, lay a large, white button. She glanced at it and

her face flushed, but, ignoring it, she said:

"Hello," with a rising inflection which sounded wonderfully kind and sweet. The whole world took on a pink glow, and Willie smiled into June's face. But Pearl Marie had less tact. She also had brothers, three of them. So, stooping down she picked the despised button up and said, as she put it out to Willie: "You've lost something, Willie."

"I ain't neither," he said angrily.

Which was not polite. But how could he be expected to be polite when he was obliged, on account of that very button, to keep his back very close to the fence.

"I've been swimmin'," he volunteered to June, smilingly. "That's why I ain't dressed up."

"That's alright," June answered sweetly.

But Pearl Marie sniffed.

"I should say you're not dressed up. An' I guess your ma don't know where you're at, neither."

"What's it to you?" he growled.

He knew that he was appearing badly, but why did that Pearl Marie Henderson keep nagging at him?

"What you got?" he asked of June, glancing at a small package she held in her hand.

"A fan for Alida. It's her birthday, and she's having a party. Just a girl's party, you know. Pearl Marie is taking her a bottle of perfumery."

Pearl Marie was looking at the toe of her shoe as June spoke and she kept the bottle well behind her. She was wondering if the perfumery would really smell like perfumery, after all.

"I hate parties," said the boy who grinned, because he had nothing else to say, and wanted to say something.

June looked at him in surprise. "Why, o-oh? Do you? I'm going to have one before school opens. I'm sorry you, you,—"

The boy put both his hands in his

pockets and wriggled nervously. Then, remembering the buttons, or the lack of them, he jumped wildly against the fence.

"That didn't hurt me, I didn't feel it. You just can't hardly hurt me at all. I—I mean, I mean—I jest hate some parties. Course I wouldn't hate yours. But I bet I give something that beats all the parties."

"What is it?" asked June with interest.

"Huh?" ejaculated Pearl Marie.

He was wondering, never having thought of it before that minute, what it would be? And Pearl Marie's disdain made him all the more anxious to think hard and fast.

"A,—a—a show, that's what," he finally said, putting out his tongue at Pearl Marie.

"Oh, that would be fine," said June, giving one of her curls a little pat.

The boy looked at the curl.

"Say. What'll you take fer that?" he asked, pointing at the curl with a grimy finger. He had two reasons for doing this: one was to change the subject, for fear June might ask him more about the show. The other was that he really admired the curl immensely.

June laughed in an embarrassed manner and tried to think of some appropriate reply. But Pearl Marie came to her rescue.

"Come on, June, we'll be late to the party. Besides, the longer Willie stays, the harder he'll get whipped for going swimming and staying away all day. Oh, I know all about it now, Willie. I know how it is with boys."

Of course she didn't know all about it, and Willie was very thankful she didn't or she would have told June. And that would have been dreadful. As to the consequences, she probably did know. The boy did. And thinking of what would happen the moment he got home, he scowled at Pearl Marie.

Then he caught sight of June's sym-

pathetic face and, grinning, he held himself close to the fence and feasted his eyes on her pink beauty.

"Well, goodbye," June said hesitatingly.

"Good-by," he answered. "Say," he added, looking down and wriggling his toes, "if you do have a party, an' if you'll invite me, then it won't cost you nothin' to git in to see my show."

June nodded and smiled, and they hurried away.

The boy stood looking after them for a few moments.

"It'll cost Pearl Marie Henderson full price to git in," he muttered as he sat down, with his back to the fence, on the hot, dusty walk. And, with many groans and exclamations, bound up the poor, stubbed toe in the soiled rag.

Ah, the pink glow that had so lately enveloped the whole world had faded.

"I won't take no more chances," he said to himself as he turned into an alley and went slowly toward home.

When Nancy, the help, saw him coming, limping and so bowed over that it seemed as if the weight of the nation's welfare rested on his small shoulders, she shook her forefinger at him warningly. His small sister ran to meet him, calling, in her high, childish voice:

"Oh, Willie. Where have you been? We had ice-cream for dinner. Pink ice-cream. An' 'cause you wasn't here I et mine, an' got to eat yours too."

Great consolation to a growing boy who had had nothing to eat from breakfast until the middle of the afternoon. And with no prospect of anything in that line, even then. Pink ice-cream. Pink! The color of all colors he now adored. He thought of June in all her pink glory and it nerved him for whatever was in store for him,—until he caught sight of his mother.

Ah! She wore a stately, haughty air, had her hair combed very high and very smooth. There were no curls for her



that day. And these things, Willie had noticed, at least a hundred times, were predictions. He knew just as well what they meant as though she had worn the word "whipping," all in capital letters, written across her forehead.

Nor was he mistaken.

\* \* \* \*

Two weeks later William Grant Anderson stood by the barn door. He held his head very high and across the front of his waist there was a piece of muslin on which was printed, plainly not the work of a professional, in black paint, the word "Manager."

"White-Wash" George, wearing an old broad-brimmed hat with a feather in it, also had a piece of muslin across his breast. On it was the word "Perlice." He stood by the door with a small club in one hand, a hand-bell in the other. He was ringing the bell with all his might.

"White-Wash" had to be taken in as a partner and was to get half of the admission fees (each person to pay ten pips) on account of being the possessor of a white bantam rooster. Without which, the show would have been a flat failure.

"White-Wash" had a blue mark on his forehead and a long scratch close to his ear, two things which kept him from entirely forgetting the episode of the trousers. Nor had "Skeet" forgotten it, either. Though all parties had forgiven, if they hadn't forgotten, in spite of scars. An example some of their elders might follow with good results.

It was Saturday afternoon. The children in the village, most of them dressed for the occasion, were gathering, almost breathless with excitement and anticipation.

"Skeet," having been bribed, had gone all over town that morning ringing the hand-bell and pulling behind him a small express wagon, on which was a wooden box, in which was the white bantam rooster, with dabs of red paint

on its wings. "So it would look like something else." And it did.

The children had followed the wagon and peeped at the rooster through the bit of wire netting, and had asked questions until their curiosity almost overcame them. And now, they had come to the show.

When every one was seated, except the "Manager" and the "Perlice," Willie closed the door and took from his pocket a large key.

"Ladies and gentlemens," he began.

Some one laughed. He scowled in the direction of the culprit, while the "Perlice" swung his club threateningly. Willie began again:

"Ladies and gentlemens, the show will now begin to commence. You are as safe here as you would be if you were at home. I have locked the door so them other fellers can't git in."

The children looked about and wondered who the "other fellers" were, as everybody seemed to be there. Still, it was pleasant to feel so secure, even though there were two other doors, both of which hung open.

"Th' leading lady of th' American 'Xpress Comp'y, Madam Julia 'Xpress-Office, will walk the rope. Up with you, Jule! She's th' only rope-walker in,—in this buildin'."

"Huh!" began Pearl Marie Henderson disdainfully. But June sat near her and implored her to keep quiet.

"Madam 'Xpress Office," who was commonly known as Julia Anderson, Willie's sister, in a full-plaited skirt made from two paper flour sacks, a small woolen shawl about her shoulders, and wearing a peaked cap, mounted the ladder which led to the hay-mow.

With a broom handle in her hand to balance her, (there had been a rope-walker at Riverside at one time) "Madam 'Xpress-Office" climbed up on a long iron rod which ran from one side of the barn to the other.

As it was rather a large rod, and there was plenty of hay under it, the madam was not in any danger at any time. But it looked perilous as she teetered back and forth and waved her arms, and there were many ohs and ahs from the feminine part of the audience.

Then there was a prize fight, "with mittens," between "White-Wash" and "Skeet." Which, after "Skeet" struck "White-Wash" in the mouth and "White-Wash" kicked "Skeet" on the shin, ended in a real fight.

But the wonderful presence of mind of the "Manager" saved the day, by ringing the hand-bell furiously. This was, as had been planned before the show, the "danger signal." And it had the desired effect.

The next thing on the program was a song. And, dressed in a thin, white lawn dress, dotted over with silver paper stars, wearing a hat trimmed with tinsel, a pair of gauze wings, and carrying a wand, "Skeet's" sister Maggie tripped across the floor. She also tripped on the floor and, in falling, broke one of her wings.

But she hurriedly got up, trying to look unconscious of her tumble and the consequences—the injured wing—and began to sing. She had a poor, little, thin voice and, after the glamour of the thing wore off, the children recognized the song as one of their oldest school songs. And, on looking closer, they recognized the dress, silver stars, hat, wand and wings as the very same she had worn on several other occasions when she had sung a "fairy" song and had, herself, represented a "fairy."

So that, by the time she had reached the end of the fourth verse the children were laughing and talking. Too bad, too, as there were three more verses.

But, with the broken wing flapping dejectedly as she waved her wand, she bravely sang it through, though her voice trembled and there was a reproachful

look in her eyes as she took her seat.

The next, and last, thing on the program was for the audience to walk around the "hall" and view the "animals."

This was attended by considerable scrambling and pushing. But finally, with the help of the "Manager" and the "Perlice" and "Skeet," who volunteered his services, they fell in line and marched slowly around.

First, there was the bantam rooster, with the red spots on his wings. The "Manager" talked all the while, explaining all these things, as near as he could.

"Ladies and gentlemens, here is a dried frog which our fr'en' 'Skeet' used fer bait onct after it was dried. An' he caught a fish with it, after it was dried. A large fish, as long as my hand, er anyhow, purty near. The fish, not bein' big enough to swaller th' frog, it swallered part of its leg. And this is the very same frog. An' the reason it's so dry an' white is 'cause 'Skeet' fergot to take it off his hook, an' it hung fer four days in th' hot sunshine. But even after all that 'Skeet' caught a fish with it."

At this point Pearl Marie could not restrain herself. Nor could June restrain her, though she tried hard.

"What a awful lie, Willie Anderson. You know where people goes to when they tell lies. Oh, oh!"

And while Pearl Marie and Willie argued the matter, the children went about by themselves. There was considerable dissatisfaction expressed. Some said the show was not worth the ten pins. Some said that they had seen the rooster "fer nothin'," running about in "White-Wash's" back yard. Looking just as it did then, except, of course, for the spots. Those spots were certainly queer, and if Willie spoke the truth about the spots coming out in one night, what could have caused them?

But "Skeet" and Willie ended the show before it was intended. There was to have been pink lemonade, which

## JUNE WINSTON

Nancy had made, at Willie's mother's suggestion,—Willie asked that it might be pink,—and cookies. But it was not to be.

For, when the "Manager" suddenly turned to see why a parrot, borrowed under protest for the occasion, squawked so dismally, he overturned a small box which contained Maggie McPherson's cat. And, as the box fell, the little door flew off and out flew the cat, instantly followed by the "Manager's" dog, which had, up to that particular moment, been a very well-behaved animal, wearing a blanket of red and yellow, trimmed with little bells. He had stayed close to his master's side, looking very warm and dejected generally, until now.

And away ran Maggie, silver stars, wand, broken wing and all, as fast as she could go, screaming that Dixie, her beloved Dixie, would be killed.

And "Skeet," sidling close to the "Manager," declared in a loud voice that he had "done it a' purpose." And the "Manager" stood his ground and clenched his fists and accused "Skeet" of telling an untruth. But he did not call it that. And that is what started the trouble which ended the show. For then and there, there was a fight.

Some of the smaller boys, remembering the locked door and failing to remember the two unlocked ones, scrambled up a short ladder into the corn crib and dropped from the window to the ground in safety. It seemed to rain boys for a few minutes.

The girls ran out, screaming. Some ran through the alley, some out at the front gate, some into the house.

Most of the older boys stayed to see, but, as the fight waxed fast and furious, they grew fearful of the consequences and fled. Leaving but one, "White-Wash," who jumped about wildly, cheering first one combatant and then the other.

Then, suddenly, from some unknown

quarter, a man appeared. "White-Wash" afterward declared, on his honor, that the man was ten feet tall, wore a mask and carried a sword.

But the sword was, in reality, a buggy whip, and the man, (who was Mr. Anderson,) went close to the fighting boys and laid this same whip on with a right good will. Nor did he stop until both boys begged for mercy and made unheard-of promises.

"Now," said Mr. Anderson, when he had finished, "John Henry McPherson, go home. And when I want you here again, I will send for you. William, you come with me."

Every time Willie thought of that show he thought of June. And every time he thought of June he thought of the show. What did she think of him? Fighting as he had, and breaking up the show and sending his guests and patrons home in such disorder. And he had planned to feed June on cookies and pass the lemonade to her himself, and walk home with her after it was over. At the thought of these things he suffered tortures. Would she ever speak to him again? Or smile at him? No, never.

But she did. She did something which made him too unutterably happy. Something which simply melted his little heart with tenderness toward her.

For, three days after the show, he met her on the street, and, before her friends, Pearl Marie among them, she smiled very sweetly and said, blushing prettily:

"Your show was fine, Willie. The very best one I ever saw." Which was perfectly true, as she had never, in all her little life, seen one before.

And "the boy who grinned" forgot all his troubles, even to the stubbed toe, which simply would not heal even though it was carefully washed every night by Nancy and wrapped, by his mother, in a fresh piece of fat meat every morning. But—alas! Stubbed anew before night.

# A Pilgrimage to St. Agnes

By LEWIS E. MAC BRAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY GERTRUDE STANLEY



"THE SHADOWS OF  
HEAVY STONE  
ARCHES"

IT was at the close of the season along the Riviera; and those of you who would find the Garden of Eden should visit that shore of the Mediterranean when, with the approach of hot weather, there is an exodus to cooler climes, and hotels and villas are closed by barred doors and iron shutters.

At Nice the military band was about to discontinue its daily concerts, and the famous avenue by the sea, the promenade of kings and princes, was all but deserted. At Monte Carlo a remnant of gamblers still lost or won their gold with trembling hands, but seldom sought the refreshing breeze that came from the sea and rustled among the palms. At Mentone we were, I verily believe, the only tourists, though the weather was fine, and the country a blazing paradise of flowers.

The town was asleep in the sun, half in the shadow of the great rocks that arose to an altitude of 4,300 feet behind it. Like the perfume of a great garden, the air was heavy with the breath of the innumerable flowers; and along the famous old Heracleian road, by the sea, you found brilliant splashes of color, the richness of a tropical Summer against the deep setting of the matchless Riviera olive trees.

Even the torrents, that rush in the early year from the mountains to the sea, were but purling brooks. Fossan was half lost among its rocks, Carei was the slave of native washwomen, and Borrigio, by which runs the road to Sainte Agnes, murmured, with no defiance, of orange and lemon groves, and cool places in the hills.

I fear that many of the friendly country people whom we met in our wanderings up and down the valleys, or along the coast, thought us belated arrivals who did not know that the season was off, and were sym-

pathetic lest we should go away in disappointment, and give Mentone a bad name.

"Of course one does not hear the music," they would argue, "but the weather is quite fine, and have you been to Cap Martin, or to the Italian frontier?"

At Cap Martin there were pine woods and olives, and a mingled odor of thyme, rosemary and lentish. When we drove to the Italian frontier we followed the sea road in the opposite direction, going in the late afternoon, when the air from the villa gardens was heavy with mignonette, or oleanders, or lemons bursting in the riot of the fruitful sun.

There was much that was picturesque in the Italian frontier, for behind the little strip of neutral land between the two military posts a torrent tumbled from lofty crags, and made its way to the sea far beneath the casement of the road; and the sentry of Italy, a dusty figure leaning on his rifle under the shadow of a great rock at the turn in the road, looked down upon the smarter guard of the Republic of France not many rods below.

But in due time these trips lost their first charm, and then there came to our minds the words of the *loueuse d'ânes* who lived, on a little farm in the valley of the Carei: "You must go one day to Sainte Agnes. It is quite true what I tell you. You have not seen such a place." She was a native of the mountains, who had left her people to become a bride in the valley.

From Mentone we could see Sainte Agnes, the loftiest peak among the mountains, but, aside from the suggestion of a ruin among the rocks at the top, there was no sign of habitation there, nor did the ascent appear to be an easy one. Yet the valley of the Borrigio looked tempting, and one day we ordered the donkeys, and started on our pilgrimage to Sainte Agnes, a small but jostling caravan, that raced over the highway from the town and clattered in single file over the narrow wooded bridge across the torrent.

Following the left bank for a short distance, we took the road to Cabrolles, and directly we were ascending a long flight of



"NARROW STREETS AND STRONG WALLS"

steps, generally wide enough to allow the donkey space for all our feet. Before this winding stairway had been traversed, the old feat of General Israel Putnam, in spite of its historical assurance, had dwindled to insignificance, for although not under musket-fire, we rode up many times as many stone steps, and later in the day rode down again.

At first the way was lined with lemon trees in fruit, while vineyards and olive trees surrounded the white farm buildings; but as the altitude became higher vegetation began to change. There were still the olive trees, but instead of limes, there were cherries, and along the mule path there were wild roses, blue-bells, daisies, and a wealth of other meadow flowers in bloom.

The view of the mountain to which we were going changed with each turn of the path, but for two hours it offered no sign of habitation. And then of a sudden, below the crags, we saw the compact walls of many gray buildings, the tower of a church rising from the center of the pile. Sainte Agnes from that point appeared to be a massive old monastery.

The path, impassable now for a horse, and winding back and forth along the side of the mountain, often little more than a series of rough, stone-built steps, over which the donkeys picked their way slowly and laboriously, became wild and beautiful. Strange figures of shepherds appeared to rise from the rocks, and were lost again in the next turn of the way. Women, bearing bundles of fagots upon their heads, came to view on the mountain side, and then disappeared from sight behind the rocks. So on for half an hour more, and then we were out of the path and on the roadway leading directly up to the town. Gone now was any suggestion of a monastery.

The road, guarded by a square blockhouse, ascended until lost in the shadows of heavy stone arches. The church was set high above in a tiny square, its tower the only break in the gray color-tone of the town, and 300 feet above the roofs, towered the cliffs and the ruins of an old castle.

It was a veritable Saracen stronghold, hardly changed after a thousand years, and as we rode under the massive arches we almost listened for the challenge of a Moorish sentry. The picture lacked only the white-robed figures of Morocco.

Of their own kind are these people of Sainte Agnes. On the door of their church was a proclamation of the Republic of France; but their independence is not that of proclamation, but of the mountains; the independence that is found in Swiss and Tyrolese mountains, and that so often has defended its passes when the watch fires have blazed from hill to hill. Shepherds

mostly, poor in purse, but proud in person, walking down to the sea and back again, half a day's journey, to market goods earning them a single franc; hardy and well nourished in appearance, comfortably dressed in their holiday attire, and hospitable to the stranger. It was a holiday when we rode up the main street of stairs to the little square beside the church. Few faces looked out to us from the narrow windows in the somber gray dwellings, but a sound of music came from above, and we found the villagers assembled in the square, the old men and women upon the steps of the church, the young people dancing to the music of a hand piano, the orchestra of the town.

Our small caravan was surrounded, and with grave hospitality the villagers besought us to dismount and join in the dance. Our donkeys were turned to pasture, the music was started up again for our benefit, and we were offered the freedom of the village.

So we wandered through the old town, finding what we had sought among the ruins of Spain; narrow streets, deep arches, strong walls; the architecture of Moorish days. We visited simple homes, were admitted within the high walls that enclose the sacred burial place of the dead, and finally climbed



"THE CHURCH WAS SET HIGH"



to the crags above, where, among the ruins, we heard the story of Haroun, Saracen chieftain, who, for love of a Christian maiden, Anna of Provence, forswore his religion a thousand years ago. An ancient story, I grant you, Sir Critic, but the one romance of Sainte Agnes; the tradition that is the inspiration for that gallantry that you find in the village today, the justification for the downcast eye and the blushing cheek when the flocks and herds are driven in at sunset.

From the highest crag you can look down upon that same misty sea over which the ships of Haroun the Saracen one day appeared. He had ravaged the coast of Provence, and among his captives held a girl of high birth and great beauty, whose courage in the hour of danger had won the protection of his sword. It was down there in the bay



"THE COMPACT WALLS OF MANY GRAY BUILDINGS"

home under the skies that witnessed your birth, and your God shall be my God."

Perhaps in the thousand years that have passed, some embellishment may have been given to the words of renunciation spoken so long ago; but in Sainte Agnes there is no question that he did become a Christian, and that his suit was rewarded. In truth, there is a record of his marriage, and also of the fact that a few months later he died mysteriously, perhaps poisoned by one of his followers who had remained true to the Moslem faith; and Anna of Provence built, where the church in Sainte Agnes now stands, a place of worship to Notre Dame de Neiges—Our Lady of the Snows—where she prayed often for the conversion of the Moors.

Such is the tradition, and today, long after the citadel has crumbled, and the Saracen



"THE SINGLE STREET OF STAIRS"

below that Sarah, the wife of the African chieftain, sought to take the life of her possible rival by ordering her cast into the sea; a fate that she herself suffered by command of her angry lord, who discovered the attempted crime in the nick of time.

It was then that Haroun, with his fair captive and three hundred of his most daring followers, made the almost impassable ascent to Sainte Agnes, laying among the cliffs the foundation of a stronghold that was destined to dominate all the country around.

The tradition says that he treated Anna with respect, while offering to make her his wife, and that finally, when opposed by the barrier of his Moslem religion, he cried: "Alas, I no longer possess either creed or worship; it is yourself I worship. I will forsake the tombs of my ancestors for a



"IN THE SQUARE"

has been driven from all Christian lands, it is told in the village where half a thousand people inhabit dwellings that are as unlike the homes of other people along the Riviera as they themselves are unlike the men and women of fashion who find their pleasures along the sun-kissed coast.

"When a man goes into the valley to live he is swallowed up," is a saying in the mountain village. What, indeed, but the love of the mountains, can hold the young in Sainte Agnes! And yet there may come a day when the village will play a part in history, and men in distant cities will read of her, and some artist will win a place for her in the war gallery of France.

On the top of the next mountain, guarded from the public and masked even from Sainte Agnes' eyes, great guns have recently been placed in position to guard the frontier of France. On that day when Italy shall ally herself with the foes of France, and the dusty sentry on the road above Mentone shall fire upon the outpost a hundred yards away, the guns on the mountain will thunder forth to hold the pass and defend the bay. He who silences them must first take Sainte Agnes, and the valley of the Borriquo will run

with blood before this is done. There will be fame for all in Sainte Agnes on that day.

We left the village in the twilight, when the flocks and herds were coming in from the hills. The sun was sinking behind the crags, and the moon was coming up out of the sea. There were deep shadows and splashes of sunlight by turns in the valley, and the trees stood out like the toy trees of childhood, stiff and awkward when viewed from the height above.

The donkeys picked their ways carefully, having no interest but in the roughness of the road. Far down the path a boy of the village, whom we had last seen in the square, arose from the rocks and proffered great clusters of black cherries, luscious in the fullness of the season. Still farther on another figure rose, as though by magic, with an offering of wild roses, and a last "bon soir" from the villagers.

The path wound down among the olive trees. We halted the little caravan and looked back. There were the distant crags of Sainte Agnes; but of the village itself, not one dwelling was visible. A stranger would have scoffed at the idea of a pilgrimage to such an uninviting height.

## A SUPERFLUOUS AUTOBIOGRAPHY

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE, for fifty years a prolific writer of stories, many of them for young readers, has published (Houghton-Mifflin) in his seventysixth year, his autobiography, "My Own Story." It is the story of an uneventful life devoted almost wholly to literary work—a clean, manly, dignified, useful life, but not especially a significant one, in a literary sense. Mary MacLane of Butte devotes an entire chapter of her latest book to praise of Mr. Trowbridge's "young-stories." They were good stories—as good as any we had in the *Youth's Companion* many years ago—but not necessarily permanent literature on that account. Not, by any possible test, the basis upon which to challenge a busy world's attention with a huge, formal autobiography. In short, "My Own Story" is a purely personal matter between the author, his publisher and his friends: it is long, tedious, dry, self-laudatory and—relatively—insignificant. It has no standing as literature. And a generation so very busy as this one should waste no time on books of this class—time that might better

be devoted to the really worth-while books.

Why do authors and publishers cling to the idea that because a writer has laboriously constructed a long list of temporarily popular books, he must at the end of it all publish his autobiography? Is it thought that a long life devoted solely to scribbling the thin visions of a tired imagination develops experiences likely to be interesting and informative to the general run of men? Nonsense! A candid autobiography by "Silent Ed." Geers, the reinsman, or by John Lawrence Sullivan, the gladiator, or by Richard Croker, the political boss, or by any other first-class man or woman who has really done things in the world, would be worth a bushel of tame-cat autobiographies of the Trowbridge sort. The world fifty years hence will know enough of Trowbridge, (and of dozens of other "celebrities" writing the best they know how for the most they can get out of it), if it remembers one or two of his luckiest lyrics—"The Vagabonds," for example; snug-harbored in a popular anthology.

Frank Putnam.



## THE GOURD FIDDLE

*By GRACE MacGOWAN COOKE*

ILLUSTRATION BY EMMA BELL MILES

I done make her out of an old soap go'd,  
 (Oh, my fiddle dat sing so sweet!)  
 Ef I goes hongry, an my coat's to'ed,  
 She sing to me whilst I's a-ridn' on de  
 load,  
 She sing to me drivin' de cows down de  
 road,  
 An' de chunes putts a hop-hop-hoppin' in  
 my feet.

When de cotton laid by, an' de crab grass  
 mowed,  
 (Oh, my fiddle dat sing so sweet!)  
 Den de niggah git paid what he been owed,  
 An' you'll see me a-settin' up high on er boa'd,  
 Wid de niggahs all a-hoppin' like her ol' hop-  
 toad,  
 'Cayse my fiddle putts a hop-hop-hoppin' in  
 dey feet.

# How Gerda Served Herr Kant

By GEORGIA RANSOM FAY

ILLUSTRATED BY WM. C. RICE, JR.

THE little maid Gerda wore a stiff cap and quilted skirt and a straight, miniature bodice with a wee white kerchief. So did Frau Lampe, her mother, and the grand-dame who spun the day long behind the many-paned lattice window which viewed out on the Konigsberg street,—only Gerda's cap and skirt and baby wooden sabots were too small to count in the year 1772, when the great philosopher walked by the shop every day on his way to teach logic and metaphysics at the University of Konigsberg.

"Thou'lt be a good child and mind and call thy father when the great bell rings to let a buyer in!"

"Aye, Motherling," says the child, climbing the great wooden stool, on which she scarce balances herself, swinging her bare, fat feet in time to the croon of the grandmother's song and measured wheel. From the height of the wooden stool she sees clearly over the Dutch-half-open door of Lampe's green-grocer shop,—sees the rough cobble stones across the street—down whose uneven gutter pours a slow, dirty stream of the Konigsberg slop drainage. When, perchance, a horse and cart with its two great wooden wheels darkens the shop-window and rattles the iron latch, it is as if the child had a visitor and she clasps her hands while it passes close by the carved arch overhanging the door.

And one day it happened Farmer Weber's donkey poked his nose in, over the very doorsill, which made the tiny Gerda tremble and the fat legs grow still,—for in her small soul she already knew that everything in the store had its price, from the five-pfennig cabbage to the fifty-pfennig apples measured out in the

thicket-woven basket near the counter.

Yes, the *madchen* Gerda knew all the Konigsberg folk as well as their donkeys—before she had cut her second teeth. She knew them by sight—and more nearly by their trading; for the good burghers in that infantile North Prussian town bargained in the seventeen hundreds exactly as do the housewives in nineteen hundred in Donhos Platz, Berlin—so Gerda became learned.

"Thy daughter'll be like the master—" said the child's uncle, old Lampe, Kant's man-servant, whom all the world knows. "It is a sage maid who loves to think." Whiffing and sougling at the long pipe he continued: "Mine Herr Professor doth at this time talk much of a great work which he hath named the *Critique of Pure Reason* and—"

"Mein Gott!" exclaims the father, emptying the last drop of beer from his stone mug. "That is a hard one for a name! As bad as those black books our students buy at friend Klop's. Once I stopped and read the cover's name by wonderful Herr Professor Wolff. I paid a good mark, too, and brought it home."—Shamefacedly, while he blows a cinder bright to light the round bowl of his pipe. "It stands there on the shelf—beside the grand-dame's pewter plate. I told the good wife that the Herr Professor, from his name, would tell us how to catch the wolves who cross the frozen Baltic, mad for food in the snow months, and find their way down here."

"And meanwhile," says the uncle, "before the good wife has a chance to scold for the mark the father threw away—the little maid Gerda shall have

a new love-name—" hugging the child close as she cuddles upon his knee, gazing with sleep-denying eyes enchanted at the marvel he will tell—"Old Lampe—when the Herr Professor named his book—said in his heart that is my little maid,—my Gerda of Pure Reason!"

"Bah! says the father, "for if mine eyes speak true, the child's reason's in her toes and not strong in her head! Only this meal-time thou burnt the porridge, dreaming of thy fairies, and yestern lost a cask of roots while the mists were in thy head. Aye, thou must have seen the little knave from school steal by thee as thou sat upon thy stool to guard the shop, swinging thy toes in 'pure reason'—bah!"

"Mine uncle," whispers she, close to old Lampe's ear, nestling in his lenient arms, "and did Herr Kant ever have a father?"

"My wonderling," prattles back old Lampe, "he did indeed. The Herr Professor's father was a working-man, as is thy father here."

"But not a mother and a grand-one, too, to use the switch?" urged the little maid.

"Aye, foolish one! And sometime thou shalt meet the master."

"Gerda has seen him oft. Forever when I tend the store in morning's time, the child runs in and stands on tip-toe peering from the low-shut door to greet thy Master Kant, who passes on his way to lecture at the University," says the mother, glancing from the needles in her woolen stocking-heel to see the kettle on the hearth has water for its steam, and beyond to where the maiden's flaxen-braided hair nestles against the shiny serving-coat worn by old Lampe.

"Run to bed, Tow-head, and when thou canst spin thy arm full of flax, thou, in thy best bib and bodice, shalt kiss the great Kant's hand."

So, evening after evening, by the light

of the burning North forest logs, and in the feast-tide of tallow-wick candles—when the shadows played on the rough-beamed kitchen walls, and on the ceiling danced Walhalla dances across smoke-blackened rafters, with the silent wheel resting in the fearsome corner for tomorrow's whir-r—the mother knitting and the father puffing in his wooden armchair across the stone-worn hearth—with a stein for all the family and a baby mug for her who dreams in her uncle's arms—so, with much regard to Kant, the little maid Gerda grows to maidenhood.

"Gerda!" calls the mother, when the snow and hail were settling on the Baltic and beginning, in 1789, their Winter's strike on Königsberg, "thou art not going out in thy new petticoat and bodice, stupid, on such a day as this bids to us? Why, with that high-stretched headgear for the rain and wind to flatten? I trow it shall not be done over for the Sabbath, so mark you!"

But Gerda heeds not. What are kerchiefs and caps to one bent on seeing the worshipful Kant in one's best clothes? That old Professor who walks now daily, clad in his famous grey coat, down the lime-tree avenue half after four, as the stroke from the cathedral tower peals it.

"Perhaps tomorrow," the old Lampe had said, smoking his wonted night-pipe with the father by the kitchen warmth, "thou shalt meet the master—and if it rains or snows, I'll follow with his rain covering, and will say: 'This is my niece, Gerda!'"

The "Professor's walk,"—for thus the tree-guarded street was called by Königsberg, and afterward by all the world—today, swept of its Summer dress of leaves, sobbed its November dole from creaking branches to the ice-bound sky—sobbed: "I want my leaves! I want my leaves!" But the Herr Professor did



## HOW GERDA SERVED HERR KANT

not hear their Winter's cry; no, nor their Summer's song; only Gerda, the peasant *madchen*, understood and patted the tree-trunk lovingly,—and gave not a heedful thought to her wilted cap, but seated herself on the bench made for Summer

the walk! Twenty years—yes, and more than twenty, since the simple folk of Königsberg began to set their watches and smile and bow to the grey thinker as he comes—with the appointed hour—down the street.



*"Aye, foolish one! And some time thou shalt meet the master"*

lovers or the dear German mother with her children when the weather's fine. "I love thy weeping," she said, bending her head to catch the dirge.

But here is Herr Kant coming down

"This is my niece," says the uncle, adjusting the Professor's rain-covering carefully as they reach the humid Gerda; no drops must trickle down his master's neck—old Lampe, like a worshipful

family dog, follows, forever on guard.

"Your niece!"—the great man asks pleasantly—for, being finely social, the philosopher of Königsberg bows cheerfully to the common folk,—although, to count things by affection, they are no more to him, in his deep thought, than objective forms in a show-world of time and space. "I did not know of a niece, Lampe."

"The gracious Herr forgets," murmurs the old servant, the child Gerda who courtesies often at the gate, and kissed your hand twice in the last five years!"

"Ah, naturally—yes!" bows the Professor and moves on, unmindful quite of snow and hail and women—for the business at hand, as he sees it, is to walk eight times up and down the avenue—gravely back and forth—as regularly as a human clock, a pendulum planned out to swing so far and then return again.

And how came Gerda, in 1790, to serve Herr Kant?—well, it chanced so.

"Most blessed Herr," said old Lampe one day on the eighth pendulum swing—keeping his respectful distance of a yard behind—"the kitchen-maid is sick and my niece is a cook of no mean skill."

"Friend Lampe, and what is that to me? Engage her if there's no man near to do the work."

Thus Gerda came to serve Herr Kant.

"I remember," said Gerda in the morning, after some years had come and gone, "I remember when I first saw the honored Professor!"—and Gerda blew and rubbed the lamp chimney to the transparency of crystal as she talked. "Yes, mine uncle, because I had braided my hair in such notable tight-tail fashion that it stuck out straight—as it were on end with fear—as I bobbed and courtesied to the master."

"And thy heart," laughs the uncle, "beat with a like dread—is it not true, my Gerda? But hark! The Herr Professor rings for my service and his boots. Hast thou them shined, girl?"

"Heavens, yes!" exclaims the buxom Gerda, dropping her cloth and fetching the boots, brushed till the German lass could see her face in her black handiwork.

"That's my Gerda!" old Lampe would say, drinking his beer and smoking his pipe with the father and mother at night. "The childling's never idle. Thou hast brought her up a busy housewife, my sister!"

And when the half-year came 'round, and Herr Kant's wages for Gerda were brought to the ageing father and mother to keep the old hearts and the old hearth warm, the beer went most cheerfully into its accustomed steins, as if it knew that Gerda would always keep it going—for so it was in the North German country in the seventeen 'hundreds, when the world was some centuries younger.

However, if the simple, unknown Gerda did her work well, it was not in the spirit of Master Kant. Up-stairs in the study the *Categorical Imperative of Conscience* ruled,—threatening to engulf the world at large,—while down-stairs, in the kitchen, insurrection brooded in the form of old-fashioned work lovingly performed without rhyme or reason. But wait!—for the poets are catching the new strain—like Johann Schiller, singing his little ditty beside Herr Goethe in Weimar, through his spare hours—and will sing the question of duty up through the crust of the soil into the common people's hearts. The great Professor's task was to think, think, think,—no matter how long and deep the doubt he weaves; and the maid Gerda's was to polish and shine, spin and weave things, as do all natural women, without calculation—for the Herr Professor knew that women have no character—so, in his higher 'practical reason', he left well enough alone and ate his dinner without a thought to solve the woman behind it.

It was in the beginning of the new century after Kant's *Critique of Pure*

*Reason and the Critique of Practical Reason and the Critique of Judgment* and all the rest, were born from the negative essence of things out of the master's brain, that Emanuel Kant—God-with-us Kant—had forgotten, or ceased to reason "a priori"—or "a posteriori"—then Gerda turned nurse and mother to the old man.

"Gerda—what means the name Gerda?" asks Kant simply as a little child, now the light of his great reason flickers in the dawn of a life to come.

"Oh my blessed Herr," answers Gerda, rubbing the brass shovel and tongs as though the study's sanity depended upon its being a looking-glass to the fire, "it is taken from old German folk-lore, which still we tell from hut to hut when Winter shuts us poor ones close. It is so, mein Herr, by the ancient forest-wood fires nightly we tell the tales of Odin and Valhalla—of the swan-maids and—"

"Nonsense, bah!" says the Konigsberg seer, with his old-time reason awakening to scorn. "Mystercism and Folk-lore! Fool-time! Narr-heit! Fool-time, child!"

"I feared the Herr Professor would not like my trifling."

"Yes, yes—tell it to me, Gerda," pleads the old man, turning weak again as when the light dies out.

"Well, most gracious Herr," began Gerda, over-pleased to browse at will among the fairies, "'twas said that once Freyr—god of the Springtime sun—whose rays make white Elfheim and all fruits and rain and early sunshine—Freyr, mein Herr, is that great knight who weighs the scale of Winter up to heaven, and Summer down to earth—and once, 'tis said—" here Gerda forgot to work in her joy of fool-time—" 'tis said 'twas when Winter reigned, and he mounted to the top of Odin's throne to look out over all the earths beneath; and he saw, far off in Helheim,—the

Kingdom of Giants—a beautiful maid standing at her father's door, and he fell in love, Herr Kant!"—sighing.

"Love!" says Kant, "Mystercism and Love! That's Narr-heit, too."

But Gerda already was eating the forbidden fruit, and, child-like, she would have the great professor eat too, and be happy.

"Freyr," she continued, forgetting everything but the answering love in her own heart. "Freyr gave his magic sword for the maid. His flashing sword to Skirnir, his messenger, to win for him the giant's daughter, Gerda—for that was her name, mein Herr. And three nights he weds her—those are our Summer months—and nine nights he waits for her—those are our Winter—"

"Tut, tut, child. I want to think of Reason. What is that lost thought? Ah, I have it! The theoretical reason must be subordinated to the practical reason—how many times I have thought that before, and yet they do not comprehend. The dualism of the two reasons must be proclaimed, but also the monism of the practical reason, of which the theoretical reason and the teleological judgment are mere modes or dependencies." But Gerda is polishing the andiron heads and does not heed—because she cannot understand.

"Thou silly child," vacantly muses the old master; "disconcerting form of woman, with thy vaporized gods which never were in time or space."

"Most dear, high Sir," says Gerda contritely. "Thy maid is only a poor glow worm—a little earth-light, such as I've seen over the marshes of our river, while the Herr Professor Kant can think for all the world."

"Aye!—Thou art like unto a marsh-child of the intuitive faculty," murmurs Kant. "Somewhere I have said 'tis reason in a broad sense. Sensibility itself in the I—the thinking, perceiving subject, that makes the phenomenon.

Phenomenon exists not outside of us, but in us. Therefore, Will--*der gutte wille*, is the real God for man—not wild imaginings, child—but God of—ah, I forget, my Gerda—a god of—?”

“Will forms the basis of faculties and things,” continues the old man, catching at his familiar thought in the great darkness.

“But I cannot reason the good God



“Gerda—What Means the Name Gerda?”

“Heavens, the dear God!” says Gerda, crossing herself, the tears coming into her eyes, “to see the Master Kant without his God—the good will and reason gone—ach!”

into things and men,” pleads Gerda wistfully, then gazing at him with eyes filled with a mother’s care and love, “but I will try, for since so many years I have been at this house, mein master,

and heard such wise words, I sometimes try to think, to imagine of the sky—"

"Space," says Kant.

"Space," says Gerda, "flying on and on before me when I die; and then I think of time—"

"Unlimited time!" says Kant.

"Unlimited time," says Gerda, "whatever that may be—which I can never catch, nor feel, nor see, nor even make up in my work all the day. So that, dear master, this time seems to thy poor Gerda like no-time, but just as fog which broods low on the river and the Baltic, out of sight which I have never seen—so simple is my life, that the good God to me needs neither will nor space nor time, but only love!"

"Go," says Kant wearily. "Send Lampe to me, Gerda." Then, leaning on his faithful Lampe's arm, the greatest thinker in a lonely earth goes out beneath his well-beloved stars. And with the solemn night comes back the light again—and so he praises God.

"Two things fill the mind with ever new and increasing admiration and awe," he says, "the oftener and more steadily we reflect on them—there is the

starry heaven above and the moral law within. I have not searched for them," Kant murmurs as if the man but repeats aloud what is his constant self-praying by earnest thought. "I have not conjectured them as though they were veiled in darkness, or were in the transcendental region beyond my horizon; I see them before me," sweeping wide the heaven with his glance, "and connect them directly with the consciousness of my existence. The former begins from the place I occupy in the external world of sense and enlarges my connection to an unbounded extent with worlds upon worlds and systems upon systems. The second begins with my invisible self, my personality, and exhibits me in a world which has true infinity, but which is traceable only by understanding, and with which I discern that I am not a merely contingent but a universal and necessary connection—"

And Lampe, the old man-servant, listens wonderingly—but only the light of the stars and the understanding of the new world brightens the last days of Kant as he passes on to the realms of untried space and time—eternal life.

## AMERICAN TARIFF CONTROVERSIES

**B**ARRING a squint toward protectionism, Edward Stanwood's new two-volume work, *American Tariff Controversies in the Nineteenth Century*, (Houghton-Mifflin) is admirably suited to become a text-book upon this phase of American economic policy. It is the most thorough and comprehensive work on the tariff ever produced, covering the whole ground from colonial times down to the Dingley tariff.

Although the author writes as a protectionist, the narrative of occurrences and the summaries of debates are scrupulously fair and equally full for

both of the parties to the controversy.

Beside the political aspects of the question as shown by the attitude of presidents and the action of congress, the fiscal effects of the several tariffs, the condition of commerce and industries, and the consequences of particular enactments to industries specially affected by them, are all set forth.

Mr. Stanwood's earlier books, *A History of the Presidency* and a *History of Cotton Manufacture in New England*, have established his reputation as a writer on both the political and the economic aspects of this subject.



# American Auguries

PEEPS THROUGH THE KEYHOLES OF OUR NATIONAL FUTURE

By FELIX L. OSWALD, M. D.

AUTHOR OF "NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS," "THE BIBLE OF NATURE," ETC.

## III. PROSPECTIVE INVENTIONS

THE treasure-troves of science, like those of the gold-fields, have often been anticipated by predictions, founded in some cases upon the energy of a prospector and his determined researches in certain directions; in others upon the well-known productive capacity of special mines, even temporarily abandoned.

They once had a veritable Aladdin's Cave in Yuba county, California, a lode of nuggets, known as the "Blue Lead," and traced, with enormous profits, through miles of tunnels and gravel-fields, till the clew was lost in a boulder ravine. Business panics and the war scare intervened, and speculators eventually turned their attention to other ventures; but old miners confidently predict that the "Blue Lead" will yet be re-discovered, and with results that will make enterprise marvel at the long neglect.

With a similar astonishment the historians of civilization will some day record the caprices of shiftlessness that could ignore half-finished inventions of inestimable, and almost self-evident, value. More than fifty years ago an engineer of the government arsenal of Toulon, France, proved the possibility of reducing the temperature of sweltering workshops by means of ice-air tubes and pneumatic ventilators, and it would be an insult to the common sense of the human species to doubt that dwelling-houses will yet be cooled in summer as effectually as we now warm them in winter. And it is equally certain that every hospital of the civilized world will have an ice-air ward for the cure of febrile disorders.

Some Hippolyte Taine of the thirtieth century may undertake to demonstrate that several nations of the dark ages were actually crazy with prejudice. "They knew," he will argue, "that many epidemics are limited to the lower latitudes; they must have known from yearly repeated experience that the first November frost puts a stop to malarious fevers; they must have been familiar with the nerve-bracing and microbe-destroying

effects of highland air, and yet their insane dread of draughts prevented the conclusion that cold air is Nature's panacea and ought to be artificially produced wherever germ diseases threaten the life of a human being or valuable animal."

"Absolutely Fire-proof" is an inscription glaring on the walls of many metropolitan hostelrys. "Absolutely Fever-proof," the landlords of the future will add.

"Didn't your friend come home under the influence of something or other, last night?" Boniface will ask one of his guests; "he forgot to turn off the refrigerator when he went to bed, and slept so sound that he did not hear the crack when the ice got thick enough to burst the water-pitcher. But never mind, if it gave him a chance for a good night's rest, after his mid-Summer picnic."

The summers of our lowland regions will get warmer—much warmer, but the frequency of sunstrokes will decrease. Helping hands will lighten the burden of an errand boy, staggering across the street with his market baskets, and hustle him out of the heat into the reviving atmosphere of the refrigerator room.

"Solid comfort!" he will gasp; "I did think my hair would catch fire; wonder why they don't invent something to mend this climate?"

"Yes, and pump out the sea, next, so you don't get your feet wet," his grandfather will laugh. "Some folks are hard to please. Why, Tommy, you ought to have seen the times when their very houses were as hot as bake-ovens, and many families actually perished with heat and let their children die, rather than cool a room or two—poor, ignorant wretches."

Climate-mending, however, will be accomplished to the extent of conquering malaria in the neighborhood of large cities, and science will abate or abolish the mosquito plague. Even now, chemistry is hot on the track of a specific for destroying gnat embryos in pools and fens. Permanganate of



AN AIR-SHIP DEPOT OF THE THIRTIETH CENTURY

potassium in mere films of say, half a gallon per acre of water-surface, will kill myriads of noxious larvae, and handicap reproduction

for months to come. Pools, defying drainage, will be thoroughly disinfected, and it is by no means improbable that the insect-life

of extensive swamps will be choked out by means of antiseptic gases, kept hovering over the surface for a week or two while hunters are warned off the premises.

"Will the nations of the next century have any hunting-grounds left, I wonder?" a sportsman asked the sanitarian Schrod. t.

"They will need them," said the old doctor significantly, auguring upon the theory that invalids need a bribe to seek health by means of exercise. "Offer prizes, arrange competitive drills in the presence of the prettiest spectators you can find," was his constant advice to the managers of the Turner Bund; "invisible rewards will not keep sinners ever on the road to heaven."

The arguments of the movement cure have, indeed, a slim chance to prevail against the temptations of labor-saving inventions, and it is almost certain that bicycles will be crowded out by autos, as they have crowded out pedestrianism. Auto-coaches, auto-velocipedes, auto-bikes and auto-invalid-chairs will throng our pike-roads.

The "poor man's horse" will be fed with slop gasoline; auto-motors will be adapted to all sorts of wheeled contrivances and by and by also to nautical easy-chairs. Oliver Wendell Holmes' ideals of aquatic progress will be eclipsed by electric gondolas, gliding along with spirit speed, while the occupant is reclining at ease, reading or smoking, and now and then touching a finger-tip to a patent lever. Boats with tiller-ropes will be renounced as relics of the past, and the passengers of the ocean ferries will become equally fastidious. What? Patronize a boat without seasick-proof cabins? Only travelers in reduced circumstances will think of it, and perhaps expect an inducement in the form of free life-insurance.

Forty-eight-hour boats between Queens-town and Halifax may mark only a transition in the age of rapid transit.

"We do not pretend to emulate the tricks of French cuisine," the liners of Greater Britain may yet advertise, "but then we do not expose our patrons to the risk of having to eat more than one dinner per trip." Trans-continental express trains will risk the same guarantee. Two miles per minute have actually been realized with the trolleys of a Berlin experimenter, which would whirl a Boston excursion party to the tide-waters of the Pacific in two nights and one day. The projector, however, admits that the realization of his plan would require a more complete separation of passenger and freight transportation. His electric eclipse cars, he

says, have to be very light, as well as very strong.

And in a different sense of the word that is also the trouble with the ideal air-ship. Thus far, all attempted improvements have been wrecked on one or the other horn of the Santos-Dumont dilemma. Unyielding strength, or lightness at the mercy of the storm-imps.

But is not a bird a practically perfect flying machine? Could we not take a hint from the methods of Nature?

"Just so," says a correspondent of the *Popular Science Monthly*, "and Nature, trying her best through an infinite series of ages, with experiments in all directions, has found it impossible to pass the thirty-pound freight limit. That weight, and not one ounce more, a fat turkey or gorged condor may contrive to carry in the teeth of an adverse gale—for a few minutes. Before the end of less than the twentieth part of an hour the handicap will begin to tell, the superhumanly well-constructed air-ship will come flopping down with unmistakable symptoms of distress."

But the chance for improvement in the direction of speed and safety appliances is less limited, and the next twenty years will witness marvelous patterns of fair-weather air-ships—balloons darting and dodging with the agility of sea-birds, anticipating weather changes by means of sensitive instruments, and escaping storms by a timely descent. And though the enterprise of aerial navigation may fail to break the monopoly of the freight syndicate, it will dislodge the incubus of the Dingley tariff. Swarms of winged blockade-runners will cross the border in every moonless night; in misty November the screams of Canadian wander-birds will mingle with the chuckle of Canadian smugglers. Free travel will lead to free-trade.

Not quite to free-love, of course; but Blue Beard will find it difficult to guard his castle against balcony visitors and billets-doux dropping from the midnight sky. What strange elopements will then happen, and traceless disappearances, unless parents should adopt the precaution of the Java fruit-planter who protect their valuables with a screen of wire gauze.

"Listen!" the paterfamilias will nudge his better half. "Is that a sleet-storm or Lieutenant Strampelwitz working his screen-clippers again? They saw him grease up his night-balloon, a few days ago."

New varieties of gunpowder will be compounded, and some of them will come dangerously close to noiselessness. Austrian game-

keepers already complain that they find it almost impossible to distinguish the report of a smokeless *terzerole* from the crackle of a dry twig, and it is sadly probable that our wood-birds are doomed, together with all over-ground birds or rodents. Pot-hunters will reduce the owners of game-preserves to the expedient of the naturalist Waterton, who surrounded his park with a sixteen-foot stone wall, and was surprised by the number of his feathered visitors, but eventually also by the predominance of weak-winged birds, who had solved the problem of survival by never leaving their refuge, night or day.

Fish-ponds will be victimized by the discovery of narcotics, operating after the fashion of the *Cuculus Indicus*, that disables the tenants of a pool just long enough to give the fellow with the dipnet a fatal chance.

The rising generation will get hold of some such recipe, before long, and probably just about the time when their leisure for mischief has been enlarged by the invention of improved wood-cutting contrivances. The days of the buck-saw are numbered. Yankeedom is surrounded with woodlands, and scores of inventors working in the same direction will soon evolve something in the shape of a household buzz-saw, moved by a coil spring, or a stick-guillotine, lifting a cleaver by easy-working pulleys, and then dropping it with force enough to bisect a five-inch billet.

The lumberman's axe, too, will be wholly or partly superseded by time-saving ma-

chinery. Steam-saws, working on a horizontal plane, will attack a tree close to its roots, and avoid obstruction by a slight increase of diameter towards the center of the disk.

Where the timber-value of forests is no object, road-makers may adopt even shorter methods. In the coast-range of western Mexico I saw engineers empty their car-bines into the trunk of a large pine, insert a few dynamite cartridges and step out of the way of an explosion that tore out a portion of the roots, together with all the foundation facts of the tree.

It has been predicted that in a century or two the man in Mars will see large, grayish-wide expanses where his telescopes now discern the green shimmer of our primeval forests; but by that time our own optical instruments will have been improved sufficiently to checkmate reproaches by counter-discoveries.

It is more than probable that some genius of the glass works will invent a way to cast the lenses which at present have to be ground out with infinite labor. Our increase in size will have then only time limits, and it will not be long before our Sabbatharians will attempt to ascertain the Sunday afternoon conduct of the Man in the Moon. Those long, straight lines, girdling the globe of Mars, may turn out China walls, intended to facilitate the enforcement of a monopoly tariff, or circumvallations of a more strictly martial purpose, and dotted with brass guns enough to explain the rows of luminous points.

## Sister Susie's Strategy

By JAMES RAVENSCROFT

THE REV. JOSHUA BARNES was one of the most bashful ministers that ever presided over the spiritual destiny of a congregation. There had been some doubt among his friends as to the advisability of his entering a profession which required a special fitness for social duties, when he had never been known to say a dozen words to a strange woman without turning red in the face.

But Brother Barnes was yet a young man, being barely twenty-five, and they consoled themselves with the assurance

that he would soon get over it when he was pushed out into active work.

Brother Barnes was deplorably bashful. His tendency to shy from the opposite sex was made known to the bishop at the time of his ordination, and that worthy prelate gave him a "bracing up" and admonished him to put on the whole armor and to shy from nothing.

Brother Barnes was appointed to his first charge—Mizpah congregation, and in due time installed himself in a small

farm-house some three miles from the church, with his mother as house-keeper and the one other member of his family. Mizpah being a country church, bashful preachers had been known and were to be expected, but its members were hardly prepared to receive a man who was too bashful to make the regular pastoral calls.

The sisters soon discovered the awful truth and there was a panic for fear the social life of the church would suffer. They shuddered when they thought of the missionary parties and the festivals they had been planning for the Winter. Had he been married, he might have been partially excused from such functions; but a young, single and handsome preacher with a predilection to religiously eschew all female company other than that thrust upon him, was dreadful to contemplate and the members of the Missionary society did not hesitate to say so.

When a committee from the Dorcas society called on Brother Barnes, and the chairman, buxom, dimpled Lena Bills, after a speech full of complimentary references, presented him with a scripture quilt, he almost fainted. He looked as though he expected to be hung; he turned red and pale, coughed, stammered and at last said:

"Let us pray!"

A delegation from the King's Daughters visited him the following week, and as the scripture quilt incident had been talked pretty thoroughly, they were not in the least surprised when mother Barnes appeared, in answer to their repeated knockings, and informed them that "Joshua's not feelin' pertic'lar well today, an' asts to be excused." They were quite certain, however, that the reverend gentleman was in hiding, and in making their report to the president of the Daughters, they supplemented it with the opinion that brother Barnes was the bashfullest man in the state.

On Sundays, brother Barnes rode to

and from Mizpah on a high-stepping nag as black as his clerical clothes. He made it a point to arrive several minutes in advance of his earliest members, and when he dismounted he went straight to his pulpit and never left it until after the service, when he returned as speedily as possible to his mount and started for home, abruptly declining the many invitations to dinner. But he did not always escape so easily; frequently the sisters *would* corner him for a hand-shaking spell, and by the time they were through with him he would be in the first stages of nervous prostration.

After about six months of such proceedings, gossip accounts of his much lamented short-comings reached brother Barnes at intervals, and he plucked up sufficient courage to make an occasional call at the homes of the more sedate sisters. But his absence continued to be regretted at the homes where there were unmarried sisters. They had tried in vain. When Autumn came they arranged apple-peelings and church fairs, and plotted in various other ways against his singleness, but to no purpose; they could not catch brother Barnes.

Of course all this was productive of much talk, and the traits of their beloved pastor were taken up psychologically by the women. Finally, sister Susie Green, one of the most audacious of the King's Daughters, declared that she was going to capture brother Barnes or know the reason why. She argued that all he needed was the right sort of encouragement.

"I know by the way brother Barnes acts when I shake hands with him," said she, "that there's a tie between us, an' I'm a-goin' to find it!"

The other sisters' mouths fell open when they heard her deliver herself of such apparent folly, but they agreed that if she could do it, they would sign a pledge to remain old maids.

Sister Susie at once set about devising



a plan. Brother Barnes rode by her home every Sunday morning on his way to Mizpah, and she wondered if she could not contrive to intercept one of those journeys. She knew that nothing short of a catastrophe, possibly a tragedy, could halt him in the vicinity of an unmarried damsel, so she concluded that the only sure way would be deliberately to make a plot. The turnip patch was on the hillside just below the garden, and in plain view of the road; why not have the hogs accidentally get into the turnips just as brother Barnes rode by? Wouldn't that be a catastrophe? Pa would think so, at least. She fancied that if she could get brother Barnes to chasing hogs, it might lead to something more sociable.

The ensuing Sunday was a red-letter day in sister Susie's life. She arose with the lark and kept the domestic machinery moving until she saw the way clear to get pa and ma off to church early, for the first time in their lives, she said. She told them it would give her great pleasure to have them hear the text—just once. When the wagon rolled out of the yard, it contained every other member of the family, for sister Susie had laid particular stress on the fact that she wished to remain at home to prepare a special repast for the worshippers, and that she didn't want to be bothered by the children. She also suggested that brother Barnes be invited to dinner.

Sister Susie lost no time in primping up in a florid gown and an abundance of hair ribbon. Then she turned the hogs—about twenty of them—into the turnip patch.

In a few moments brother Barnes came riding by, wearing his usual facial solemnity and looking neither to the right nor to the left. Out from behind a row of butter-bean sticks covered with dying vines, sister Susie suddenly burst on the situation, shouting:

"Sooie! Sooie!"

Then she hailed the preacher. "Brother Barnes!" she screamed, frantically.

"Brother Barnes! Do come quick and help me git the hogs outen the turnip patch! Oh, Lordy, what'll pa say? Oh, brother Barnes, hurry, hurry!"

The appeal for help took brother Barnes decidedly by surprise, jerking him completely out of his pious musings. Had he got a second thought he probably would have whipped his horse into a gallop and disappeared over the hill, leaving sister Susie, the hogs and the turnips to adjust themselves, but the cries of distress urged him to immediate action.

"Come quick, brother Barnes, they're rootin' up every las' turnip in the patch, an' pa'll tear the house down when he sees it!"

The idea of one of Mizpah's members demolishing a house was too much for brother Barnes, and, before he was fully aware of what he was doing, he dismounted, threw the bridle rein over a fence stake and rushed into the turnip patch, where he began making amusing efforts to round up a herd of hard-headed swine.

Sister Susie got on one side, and, taking a corner of her apron in each hand, waved it up and down, and said, "Sooie, sooie there, now!" as prettily as she could, and brother Barnes, imitating her, seized the flaps of his long coat and shook them vigorously at the hogs whenever they attempted to stampede in his direction. Like all hogs, they were determined to go exactly opposite to any chosen way, and exciting times followed.

Perhaps the hogs didn't clearly take in brother Barnes' dimensions when he first appeared; possibly they had got dirt in their eyes while rooting; anyway, when they did behold him in all his dignity they seemed struck with terror. Emitting sounds indicative of their feelings, they fled pellmell to the far end

of the patch. Brother Barnes' long legs quickly carried him ahead of them, and with his coat-tails he signalled a halt. The hogs halted. For a brief moment they gazed on the object they had again encountered, and then precipitated themselves in another direction.

Brother Barnes headed them once more, but that time the herd was moving with the idea that "he who hesitates is lost," and ere he could get out of the line of flight the hogs rushed under him in a mass. The next instant he was riding on their backs down the hill, kicking, scrambling and making desperate efforts to extricate himself. He was bounced from back to back and tossed about like a ball in a fountain. The plan had surpassed sister Susie's most sanguine hope.

The last hog shot from under brother Barnes and he was left sprawling on the ground among the turnips, his hair disheveled, his clothes covered with dirt. His face was rapidly assuming the color of red flannel. At first sister Susie had struggled to restrain her laughter, but now she was excited. She caught him under the arms and tried to help him up, at the same time making anxious inquiries as to the nature and extent of his injuries. He was panting like a fox-hound in a long chase, but he managed to stand while she held his hands, brushed at his clothes and in other ways sought to make amends for her wickedness.

Her fears were allayed by a most unexpected outburst from brother Barnes. Without a word or sign as to his intentions, he fell upon his knees before her, seized her trembling hands in his (also trembling) and ejaculated:

"Wondrous are Thy ways! Sister Susie, I've been loving you ever since I first saw you. I love you better than I love my mother. Will you marry me, sister Susie?"

Sister Susie was astonished at the de-

nouement. She had not counted on an instantaneous proposal. She did not know that brother Barnes had been her silent adorer for some time, and that he considered what had just happened a special dispensation of providence. Had she known she could have avoided all the trouble with the hogs. She had found the "tie" very soon, indeed, and she was hastily forming a suitable reply when the proceedings were interrupted by a wagon coming around the turn in the lane. It was the Duberrys, and when old Mrs. Duberry, who had several marriageable daughters of her own, saw brother Barnes on his knees to sister Susie, she threw up her hands and screamed.

"For the lan' sakes," she said, "jes' look at brother Barnes and that naughty Susie Green, will ye! An' jes' look at his clo'es! What on earth has happened to ye, brother Barnes?"

While Mrs. Duberry was expatiating thus, brother Barnes and sister Susie were assuming less dramatic attitudes and trying to appear unconcerned. Then sister Susie explained how brother Barnes had risked his life to save the turnips, and vowed that she had only been helping him up. Brother Barnes fully corroborated the account.

The sermon at Mizpah that day was beautifully brief, and as brother Barnes slowly made his way down the aisle toward the door, he found it necessary to declare again and again that he was not ill. Mrs. Duberry, as soon as the last word of the benediction was pronounced, started in to give a hasty report of what she had witnessed in the turnip patch, and, had the congregation tarried, the cause of the brief sermon would have been known. But before she had spread it to a dozen persons, brother Barnes was gone. He had departed so far from his habitual timidity as to accept an invitation to take dinner with the Greens.

# The Squirrels of Harvard Yard

By FRANK PUTNAM

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLYDE HAYDEN



A SQUIRREL HOUSE IN HARVARD YARD—  
ERECTED BY THE COLLEGE AUTHORITIES

CLYDE HAYDEN of Albert Lea, Minnesota, a Harvard law student, has been photographing the squirrels and pigeons in Harvard Yard. With his camera in hand, Mr. Hayden sauntered through the Yard, keeping his eyes open for squirrels that seemed to have leisure and to be in a humor to sit for their pictures. Having found his subject, he focussed his camera and called on anyone that happened to be passing to press the button. In this way some half-dozen Harvard men helped to make the accompanying photographs of the pets of Harvard Yard.

Mr. Hayden has never tried to take an accurate census of the Harvard squirrels. He says it would be a hard thing to do, for the reason that the College squirrels are somewhat irregular in their attendance; and further because from time to time the Yard's squirrel colony is visited by town squirrels from other

parts of Cambridge. It is said the visitors can readily be detected by anyone familiar with the Yard's regular inhabitants: the strangers are shyer than the natives, they have not been accustomed to academic quiet, nor to a prodigal human generosity like that of the young men and women who feed the pets of the Yard. Mr. Hayden estimates that the average of the squirrel population of the Yard through the year is one hundred. He believes he has seen more young squirrels in the Yard since the publication of President Eliot's plea for larger Harvard families; but this, he concedes, may be a mere fancy, or the result of a mental suggestion, inclining him to look for the young especially, more than he had done formerly.

The pictures tell their own story of the cordial relations that exist between squirrels and students. Familiarity has bred friendship. Sometimes, in the Summer, when the young women are admitted to



ONE OF THE SQUIRRELS' FOOD-BOXES  
ERECTED BY THE COLLEGE AUTHORITIES



## NO, HE DOESN'T WANT ANY PEANUTS; HE PREFERS PECANS

study in Harvard on an equal footing with the young men, the bushy-tails show traces of that pride of spirit too often seen in men who have prospered beyond their wont. The girls, of course, find the little fellows just too sweet for anything, and feed them nearly to death. It is said that for a week after the girls go away, one can find solitary, sad-eyed squirrels moping around in unfrequented

corners of the Yard, looking and acting for all the world like men who have dined not wisely but too well.

The squirrel appears to have been singled out for a city pet. In Brookline, the Evanston of Boston, and in Evanston, the Brookline of Chicago, public sentiment—perhaps also municipal enactment—protects the squirrels against all enemies. Residents of these

places take pleasure in the company of the little red and gray fellows, and commonly carry nuts and the like to give them. Only in Harvard Yard have the authorities built shelter and food store-houses for them. So many of our native song-birds have been scourged out of the

fact that he satisfies, in a measure, the human craving for a touch of wild life in the daily round. There appears no reason why he should not thrive and multiply — unless the ladies should be seized with a desire to wear his brush upon their Winter hats. When that day comes, he will



IT LOOKS GOOD, AND HE THINKS HE WILL MAKE A TEST OF IT, ANYWAY.

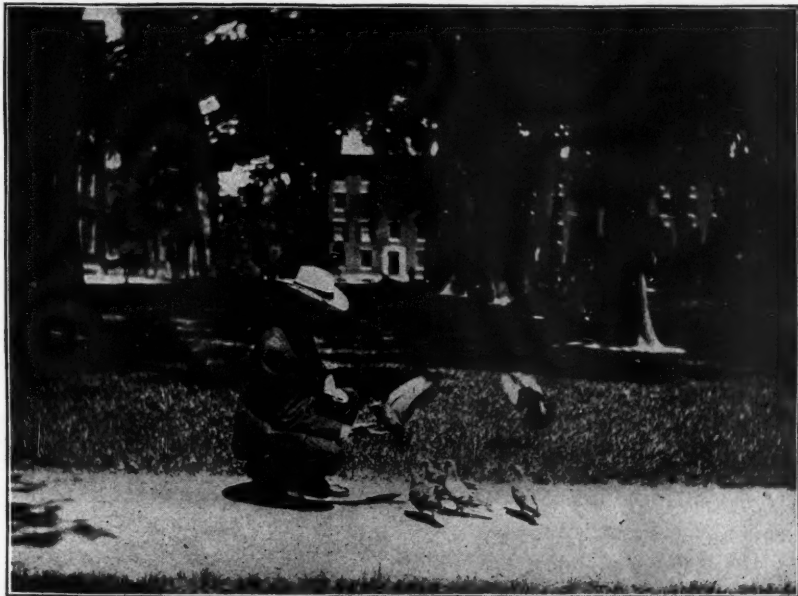
cities by small boys and massacred in the country bye-ways to supply feathers for madame's bonnets, that winged wild-life is becoming noticeably scarce in the more thickly settled sections of the country. Perhaps Mr. Squirrel owes the extraordinary favor that he enjoys to the

be glad indeed for the safe haven of Harvard Yard, which may likely enough become the last urban stronghold of his race. There is something very attractive about bushy-tail. He moves so airily, chatters so cheerily, and is so jolly ready to feast or fight at the drop of a nut.





AH HA! IT IS GOOD, AND HE WANTS THE WHOLE OF IT



THE PIGEONS ALSO FLY DOWN AND EAT FROM THE HANDS OF THEIR YOUNG FRIEND, THE PHOTOGRAPHER

# A Greek Theater in California

## WILLIAM R. HEARST'S GIFT TO THE STATE UNIVERSITY

**T**WO women of California—Jane Stanford and Phoebe Hearst, widows of men who made millions in California and served the state in the federal senate—have by their generous gifts greatly enriched the two great universities of the Pacific coast. Mrs. Stanford's lavish benefactions to the Leland Stanford, Jr., University at Palo Alto are matched by Mrs. Hearst's offerings to the University of California at Berkeley. It is a noble rivalry—shining in contrast with the silly, spend-thrift social rivalries of the much-discussed rich women of the Atlantic coast cities.

Late in September, this year, the University of California dedicated a new gift, this time from William Randolph Hearst, the son of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst and an active aspirant for the democratic nomination to the presidency. This latest gift is a beautiful open-air theater, similar in character to the open-air theaters of ancient Greece. The structure was used for the first time, even though not yet completed, at the University of California commencement in June, this year, when President Roosevelt was the orator of the day. It was found that every one of the 8,000 persons present could hear with perfect distinctness.

The theater has many points of similarity with the theater at Epidaurus in Greece, notably in the difference of slope between the upper tiers of seats and the inner and lower portions of the auditorium. The building, as a whole, is made up of two distinct and separate parts—the stage, corresponding to the ancient logeion, and the auditorium, answering to the classic theatron.

The floor of the stage is one hundred and thirtythree feet wide and twenty-eight feet deep. It is entirely open to-

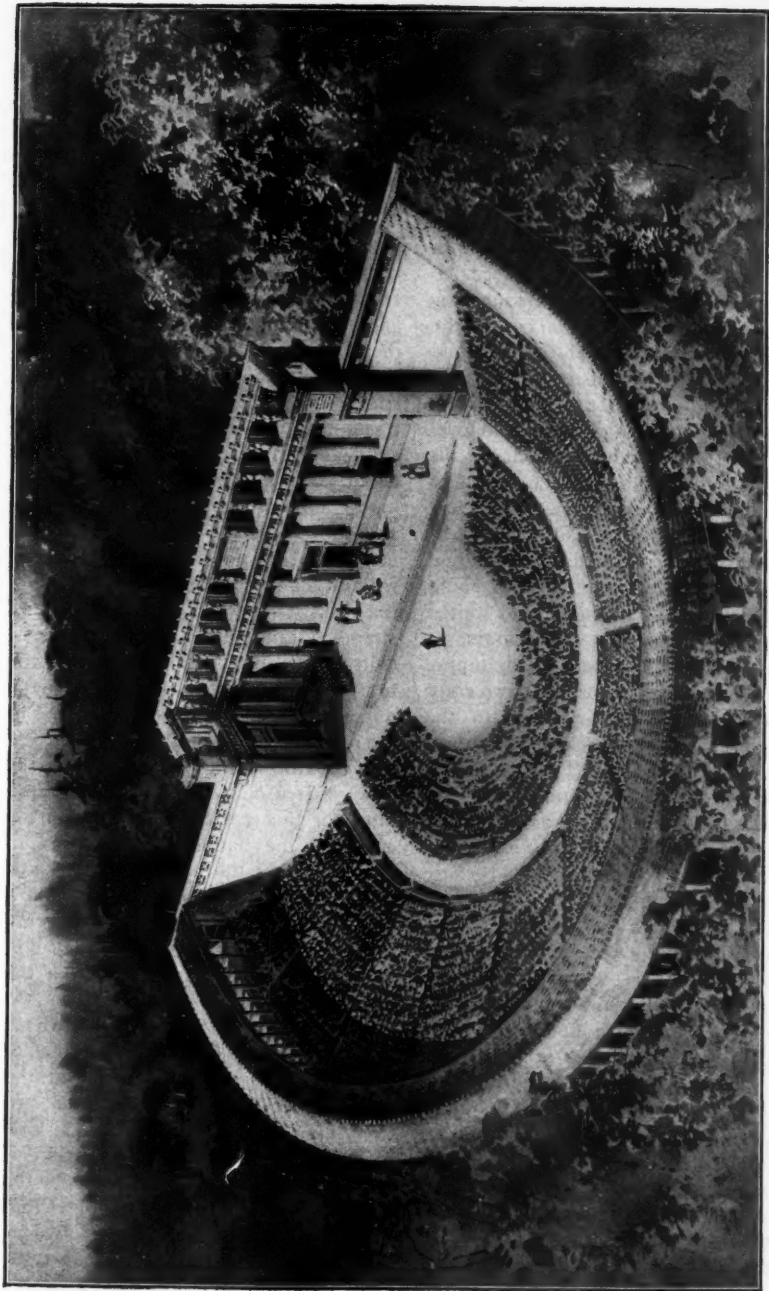
ward the auditorium and surrounded on the other three sides by a wall fortytwo feet in height. This wall is enriched by a complete classic order of Greek Doric columns with stylobate and entablature, the ends of the side walls toward the auditorium forming two massive pylons.

The auditorium, or theater proper, is semi-circular in form, two hundred and fiftyfour feet in diameter, and is divided into two concentric series or tiers of seats. The first series is arranged about a level circle fifty feet in diameter and five and one-half feet below the stage, which corresponds to the space anciently devoted to the chorus. From this circle the receding rows of seats step up gradually, until the stage level is reached at a circle corresponding in diameter with the terminal pylons of the stage wall.

It is estimated that seven thousand people can be comfortably seated in the theater proper. The stage will accommodate some six hundred more, a number which can readily be added to by the temporary extension of the stage floor toward the auditorium.

The entire building, including the stage wall, is built of Portland cement concrete. The final detail of the stage wall, including mouldings, capitals, metopes and triglyphs, cornices and architraves, will be executed by hand in Portland cement.

The above description applies to the structure now being built. It is expected, however, that the building will at some future time be carried much farther toward a complete realization of the possibilities of such a structure, following out principles evolved by the Greek and Roman builders. The accompanying sketch shows the theater as it will eventually appear.



THE GREEK THEATER AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, DEDICATED IN SEPTEMBER

# The Bars Across the Window

A STORY OF CHICAGO'S PRISON FOR JUVENILES

By THOMAS W. STEEP

ILLUSTRATED BY WM. C. RICE, JR.

THERE were seven heavy wrought-iron bars across the window, each coated with thick, rough rust, and as he lay back on the pillow of his cot in the juvenile prison hospital, the boy watched them with incomprehension and misery. Fiendish and cruel, they fooled him again. During the night while the fever racked his brain, he had looked out the window at the darkness, black with massive clouds obscuring the sky, and it had appeared that the bars had gone at last; reaching over his twisted coverings and out beyond the foot of the bed, he could not touch them. Then he had waited patiently through the long hours, so quietly that he could hear the thumping of his heart. But, as the blue dawn crept in and the daylight widened in the room, the bars came back, shutting him in and scoffing at him. They had found a new way of torturing him.

It was because the bars knew he hated them—ever since he had known them he had recognized them as a foe; because often in his anger he had, with his own hands, grappled and shaken them. Always there, they were constantly elusive, so that as they seemed to vanish or multiply, they kept him forever alert to know if new ones had not arrived or if the missing ones had all returned. When they were straight they divided the view into eight equal parallelograms, monotonously alike when seen from the pillow; if the boy looked downward through them from the foot of the cot he could see a gravelled yard, beyond this the outer prison wall and over the wall a stretch of green fields across which a dusty road wound toward the city in the

distance. In the day-time the bars had a trick of mocking him. As he lay in his cot, they would spread apart, leaving a gap wide enough for him to leap through; then, however cunningly he crawled, crouching like a cat, when he would spring up and strike his body against them, they would close again, implacable and rigid. Claspings his hands about them, he would shake them until his passion brought tears to blur his eyes, and one of the bars would hit him in the face and he would fall back on the cot, with all his strength gone. Once one of the bars coiled about his neck and strangled him until his fingers became cold at the tips and his head inside became blank. Of course when the nurse and the superintendent were in the room they helped the bars and kept him choking in the cot. Even the life that was free outside the prison mocked him, for the sparrows, chirping in the eaves of the building, called him to come out, and the people whom he saw in the distant road waved him to follow them, when they knew the bars were holding him back. Then in his helplessness he would turn away from the window.

And the worst of it all was that whenever he strove to forget the presence of the bars they would come out of the casement and stand between him and everything in the room. He would hide his head beneath the bed-coverings and when he peeped out there would be the bars, always right in his line of vision, so that he felt everywhere surrounded by them; and if the superintendent came the bars would shut him away from the

bed and the man's arms would have to reach through the irons with the broth and medicine.

Sometimes the bars were blotted away altogether, and in the confusion of his delirium the boy would be puzzled to know just in what period of his existence he was living. In all his wanderings he sought out and clung most to that feature of his life which had been to him the most terrifying—his father. In his saner moments it was a relief for him to remember that his father was dead, but in his delirious state the sensation came to him of hearing his father's call, of being somehow unable to answer, and of crying for his sister to help, for when the parent was in one of his alcoholic hysterics he was in a most malignant temper.

The boy's return to consciousness was always associated in his mind with a taste of brownish liquid which the doctor forced through the bars and into his mouth; the liquid was so bitter that it curled his tongue, but so soothing that it cooled his head, and then for a time he didn't care whether the bars yawned or not. Since the night he had attempted to escape and had been stunned by falling from the outer wall it had seemed that eternity had been thrust between him and the free outside. When he grew able to observe himself, he was startled by the pallor of his skin, the protrusion of his bones, the weakness of his limbs and the length of the tawny hair that clung about his temples. His loneliness and double isolation of a sick bed in a prison were intensified to him by the knowledge of the existence in another part of the institution of his former prison associates, in whose rollicking and banter he no longer could participate. Often, during his wakeful inoccupation, pictures of his life before the John Worthy claimed him rose in his memory. Of this he never spoke except when the intermittent deliriums loosened his tongue.

It had been a life sad enough, and gladdened only by the companionship of his sister, a frail, little, blonde girl, who cried when he was taken away. It had been two years since they left their home in the squalid desolateness of the Maxwell street district; the mother emulated the end of the disreputable father; the boy, leaving the sister to go whither he knew not, went into the streets and later into the child's prison. Where had his sister gone? What was she doing—living, starving or dead? It was this constant mystery, together with a want of her affection, that incited the boy's longing to get out. With the superintendent he occasionally had attempted to cultivate terms of cordiality; and, to please him, they had promised his liberation as soon as he recovered. But the superintendent knew, and the doctor knew, and the nurse knew that the fulfillment of the promise was growing more and more remote, and the little patient was growing more and more restless and less and less able to be patient. That the boy was suffering an inward agony, which his medicines could not reach nor his science diagnose, came to be the belief of the doctor.

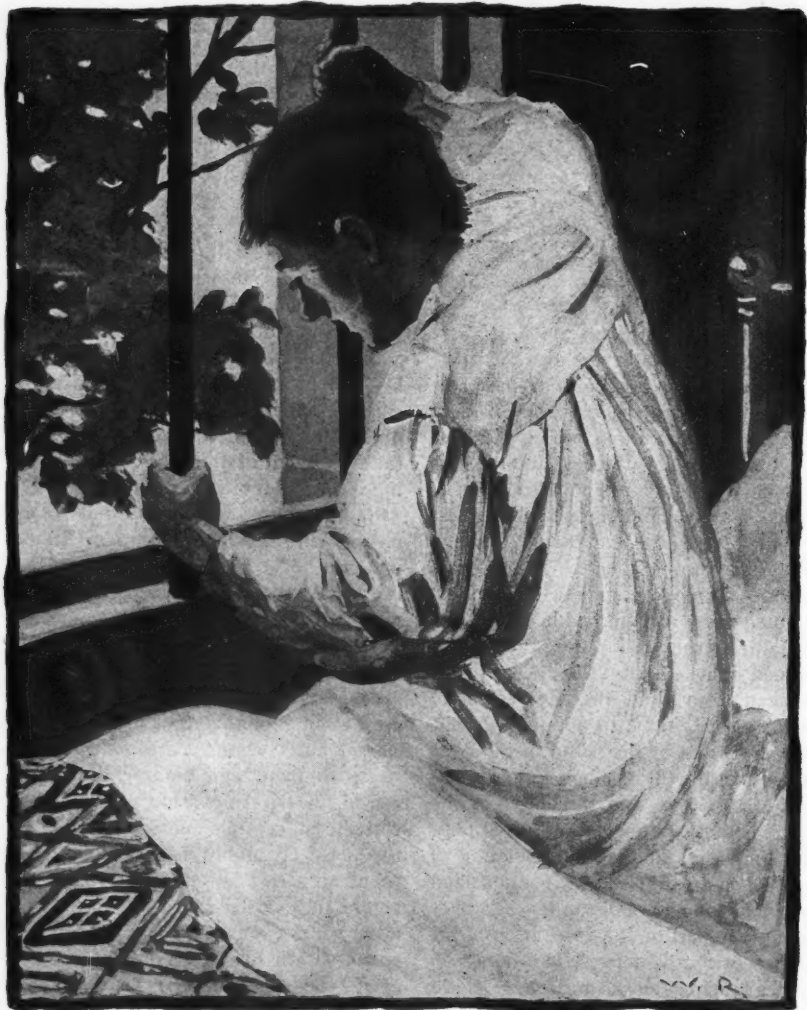
The boy kept looking at the bars with fascinating interest. The conviction grew upon him that they were going to spread apart again. Already they had started to bend, and the boy, cautiously moving the coverings aside, began slowly, without perceptible motion, to rise in the cot. He would fool the bars this time; he would be out in the open air before they closed him in again. They were wide open now, daring him to come. With his hands on the foot-rail of the bed, he strained forward, and then, with a start and cry, leaped up and plunged against the bars. But at that instant, with a quick movement, the bars became straight and several of them beat him on the head, and he fell limp in a heap. It was a most cruel trick of



## THE BARS ACROSS THE WINDOW

the bars. So cruel to lure him on and then beat him down! With tears in his eyes and pains in his head, he thrust his thin arms through the rusty irons, rest-

so that he could see the dusty road that wound across the green fields toward the city. Yearning to feel its dust beneath his feet, he was following the course of



*"Clasping his hands around them, he would shake them"*

ing his chin on the sill and drawing the cool air into his hot throat.

After a while his eyes became cleared

the road when he observed a small object in the distance. It was the figure

of a girl. She was approaching the

prison buildings and the boy watched her idly, thinking her a fool for not romping and running as he would have romped and run. As she came, appearing with increasing distinctness, the boy's attention was attracted more and more to the outline of her form and the manner of her step. In the next moment of incredulity, he fixed his eyes and gasped, trembling like a young beast in a cage. Suddenly he jumped back and fell in his bed. "Jess!" he cried. "Jess! Oh, Jess! *Jess!*" The sight of the girl drove him deeper into the darkness of his memory. Phantom or real, he knew it was his sister he had seen.

Something caused the superintendent's brow to knit when he entered. Quickly the man laid his hand on the patient's forehead and counted the pulsebeats of the small wrist. Whether from the pressure of the hand or some internal upheaval in the boy's mind, suddenly there was a twitch of the child's body and a wavering of his lips with irrelevant words. "Jess. Oh, Jess . . . *Jess!* Git t' bottle . . . Dad's got ut . . . Yeh better hurry. He's got ut. I can't git ut . . . I got sich a pain in m' back . . . sich a pain in m' back. Hurry up, Jess. He's got ut!"

The superintendent hurried from the room. When the doctor came the boy's voice had subsided into the faintness of a whisper. "Jess. Oh, Jess!"

It was at these times that the doctor resorted to the brownish liquid, and as he stood at the window diluting the contents of a bottle into a glass of water, the nurse entered and spoke lowly.

"There's a little girl out there," she said, "who wants to see Jeff. She says she's his sister."

"She can't see him."

"But she seems so anxious."

"She can't see him today—not today. He's in a critical condition—any excitement would kill him. If I only could get the boy into a quiet state. I believe

the most of his ailment is mental—there is something on his mind that makes him restless and irritable. Tomorrow,—tell the girl to come tomorrow."

As the teaspoonful of brownish liquid fell on the boy's outstretched tongue he struggled and gasped, "*Je-ss!*"

As she came the next morning, turning into the open road where the buildings of the child's prison appeared in unobstructed view, the girl, looking ahead, shivered and tightened her shawl about her head and shoulders as if just then the morning air had chilled her. While her feet moved with mechanical speed, her young brain buzzed with conflict between girlish timidity and predetermined purpose. Through the city streets she had trodden, hurrying lest she should impulsively turn and go back; and now before her lay the prison buildings—forbidding, ominous, huddled together in a dusky mass and yielding to the tint of the rising sun with the institutional reluctance which such places have for anything cheerful.

She was barely in her 'teens, sparsely clad, and too young for her worried, pale expression of having slept too little. Her disappointment the day before had increased her anxiety, and the wisp of hair that slipped from beneath her shawl was evidence of hasty preparation. In her small way she was seeking someone to love. Now she meant to tell them who she was and how she could take care of him. "He's my brother," she repeated to herself; "and I'm Jessie, his sister."

Her short life had been filled with troublous shifting and loneliness. Drifting variously from family to family, after the parents died and the boy left her, she entered, finally, through the office of charity, into a country household, opulent with a massive house and a great garden; and, thinking of the boy, she had come back to the old neighborhood to hunt him. She had suggested and

they agreed that the boy might work about the stable. And how, she thought, he would enjoy the garden and the free, open country! And how he would love the big dogs! But, returning to the old home, the familiar gossips had made light of her purpose. She remembered how, in the neighbor Goopin's kitchen, during her moments of silent intolerance, she had watched the women's shadows, cast by Mrs. Goopin's sooty lamp, play about the kitchen's indigent walls. "Besides," said Mrs. Goopin, "they know how his mudder went and his fader; and, oh, sich a dis-grace teh th' neighborhood! Oh, sich a dis-grace! She'll never git that boy away from there. That super'ntendent is a hard lot, they say. Didn't that Mrs. Malley go day after day teh git that son of her'n back? But it's a pity they let that Malley boy out at all. He's a hard one, that Malley boy is—perfectly incor-rigible. So's it's rough music Jess'll git if she goes after that boy. Besides, they know how his mudder went and his fader—and, oh, sich a dis-grace teh th' neighborhood!"

She would not now be abashed by the women's gossip. Her footsteps quickened and she entered the gate bravely. How the prison's glum facade scowled and frowned at her! and as she sauntered toward it, the dry stem of a bush overhanging the walk caught her skirt menacingly, but she brushed on and rang the door-bell.

Through the bars, which, in one of their migratory antics, had come out of the window and now perched on the edge of the cot, the boy watched at the opposite end of the room the half-opened door out of which the superintendent had just gone. Presently the superintendent re-entered, followed by what appeared to be a young girl, but which of course was no girl at all—merely a new machination of the bars. Yet it looked wondrously like a girl, like the girl he

had seen on the road, in fact, his sister. But he would not be illuded by the bars so easily again. He would pretend that he did not see any girl. The girl feigned to be timid and frightened (oh, how artful the bars were!) Her shawl dropped from her shoulders to the floor. She pretended to come closer to him, almost against the bars.

"Look out," he cried; for the moment he thought she was real. He could not see through her as he thought he ought to see through an apparition. She was almost touching the bars now—how she stared at him. Now the bars were torturing him by pretending that they were going to hit the girl. "Look out!" he called again. "T'ey'll hit *her*." Unconsciously he had put an emphasis upon the personal pronoun. He had been tempted to say "it."

"What will hit her, Jeff?" asked the doctor, who had come in.

"T' bars, t' bars. Oh, t'ey'll hit her. Look out!"

But the girl, who was no girl at all, did not heed his warning. Instead, she sat on the cot, precisely in front of the bars, and made him think she was talking to him. He could see that she was much worried.

"I didn't know you was sick, Jeff," she said. "When you get well I'm going to take you out to the country, 'way out to the country. Oh, won't that be fine!"

What preposterous vagary was this? Because he would not believe the girl was real, the bars were filling his ears with seraphic and impossible promises. Undoubtedly the bars had ferreted out the secrets of his brain, his day-dreams of freedom and sunshine; and now they were flaunting their discovery before him.

The girl went on. "It was this way: You know that funny old woman from the settlement that used to come 'round and scold dad for sending us to the saloons?—well, she took me out there to

the country. Oh, what a fine place! horses and dogs, oh, Jeff, great big dogs.  
Things to eat you never thought of. Oh, such dogs, Jeff,—great big ones!"



*"And such dogs, Jeff,—great big dogs"*

We never get hungry—*never!* And a garden with flowers everywhere, and As she spoke, the girl became conscious that he was not believing her.

For a time she sat looking at him anxiously, perplexedly. As the boy's eyes rolled, a strange appearance of incomprehension came over him. The rancorous effect of his breathing, sounding in painful, vivid struggles, impelled her to cry out. In the inscrutable, spectral quality of the boy's face, as it lay on the pillow framed in the mass of brown, rumpled hair; in the faintness of his speech, in the languor of his staring eyes, and in the obliquity of the superintendent's glance as she turned interrogatively toward him, she divined intuitively what with slow insistence was forcing itself upon her understanding. Her brother was lost in a dense inanition, through which his voice to her sounded unfamiliar and remote. Gradually the full truth reached her and she fell at the foot of the bed, burying her sobs in the coverings.

The boy saw the girl tumble over. "I told yeh t'ey'd hit yeh," he said sympathetically. "I told yeh not teh come so near. I told yeh t'ey'd hit yeh."

To the boy the bars were real and the girl was pretence, and he felt that they had, in spite of his fortitude, won a victory; for the illusion made him long so for the real sister until he again was floundering in the bewilderment of his past life. "Jess; oh, Jess. Yeh better hurry . . . sich a pain in m' back."

The next time he saw her, though he was half-conscious of having caught flitting glimpses of her as she seemed to appear and disappear in his fevers, was after he had awakened from a long sleep. Rousing out of a troublous whirr of indistinct thoughts he was aware that his hand was held by another, a smaller and softer one, and he looked up into the girl's face—Jess' face. So sure was he of her verity now, that though still in a sickly apathy, he found strength to rise up and greet her cheerfully, "Hi, Jess!"

With a prodigality of tender embraces and delighted exclamations, the girl drew

him into her arms. "Oh, Jeff," she said, "I was waiting for you to wake up. You've been sleeping so much. The doctor said you would feel better, maybe, if I was here by you; and, oh, I want you to get well, Jeff, to go out into the country with me. Everything's so nice out there."

"Oh, I know," said the boy, "but t'ey make me batty, oh, so batty."

"What does, Jeff?" asked the girl curiously, as she looked at the window toward which he had waved.

The opportunity had never come to the boy to expose the chief torment of his illness. Indeed, to have told the superintendent, or the doctor, or the nurse would have been to invoke ridicule upon himself; besides, the bars were a part—were the fingers, the hands, the restraining arms—of the prison and could not be dismembered from it. But there could be no harm in telling Jess—she would not deride him.

"What, Jeff, what troubles you?"

"T'ey does. T'em. Don't yeh see 'em?" Here the boy dragged himself to the window. "T' bars, t' bars. T'ey hit me, Jess, an' sometimes t'ey come 'round on m' bed, all 'round, so's you can't see nuttin' else. I wisht I couldn't see 'em."

The girl thought a moment; then her face lit up. "We'll fix them," said she. "You won't see them any more, not any more." She glanced about the room, then picked up her shawl and climbed with it into the window. "We'll cover them up," she explained, as she spread the shawl as a curtain before the window, and pinned each corner folded over the two bars nearest the window sashes. "The doctor told me to do everything to help you get well."

It was a thin, worn, threadbare shawl, but its very familiarity, its association with Jess sent a thrill of comfort through the boy. "I'm glad yer come, Jess. Ut's really you, ain't ut? Oh, I'm glad



yer come, 'cause I was lonesome."

"I've been here every day since the first time, but you was so sick you didn't know it. And I've been out to see the folks where you're going to, and they're going to send a buggy to get us, when you're well enough. Oh, won't that be fine, Jeff?" The boy looked far away, silent with ineffable joy.

And on the day that the buggy with the muddy wheels stood before the prison gate, the girl, tenderly leading her feeble little brother, turned rapturously to him and said: "And such dogs, Jeff, great big dogs! And a garden, and

flowers everywhere. And we never get hungry—*never!*"

Through the bars of a window in an upper story of the building the doctor, standing at the foot of the cot, in which squirmed a new patient, glanced for a moment from his dilution with brownish liquid and water to look downward at the limping boy, moving slowly into the sunshine beyond the shadow of the institution, and the small, shawl-shrouded figure of the girl, who was gesticulating ecstatically. "For the life of me," said the doctor, "I don't know what was the matter with that boy Jeff."

### THE LAST SAIL OF THE SEASON



SAILING DOWN BOSTON HARBOR TO NANTASKET ON A SUNNY SEPTEMBER DAY

This happy snapshot photograph gives a glimpse of one of the pleasures of summer life around Boston, a pleasure now departed with the season. As this is written, Saturday holidays from school are employed by the larger boys in athletic games, by the littler ones in nutting excursions and wild-grape-gathering, and by their sisters in less exciting but doubtless equally agreeable pastimes suited to the clear, bright days and the crisp, cool evenings. Hallowe'en with its pranks draws nigh, and visions of Thanksgiving Day feasts.

# THE INSIDE STORY OF THE MACEDONIAN MASSACRES

*Progress of a War to the Death Between the Insurgents and Their Turkish Task-masters—Kurds Marching to Sousa's Music—The Fighting Albanian, the Best Man in the Balkans—What the National Magazine's Commissioner Saw and Heard During His Journey Through the Scenes of War*

By REVEREND PETER MAC QUEEN



DR. MAC QUEEN AND HIS DRAGOMAN IN  
USKUB, TURKEY

USKUB, where I was staying during the latter part of August, is full of a number of smells. This vilayet is between Salonica and Monastir. It is today a Turkish stronghold, with a fortress containing 10,000 troops. There are 20,000 Mohammedans and 10,000 Christians in the city, together with several hundred dogs. These dogs, as you know, are the scavengers of the city.

There is no government in Salonica, Monastir or Uskub—it is Turkish rule, and that is taxation founded on force and improved by assassination. There is no sanitation, no education, but only the rifle and the yataghan.

I left Nisch, the second city in Serbia, at 10:25 on the night of August 25, and reached the Turkish frontier at 4:30 next morning. Zibevtche the place is called, and it lies in a pleasant meadow between the Macedonian hills.

The Turkish officers were very polite, and spoke in soft, reassuring accents the best of Parisian French. They did not, as travellers say, rummage through my papers, books and luggage. They apologized to me for even

looking at my passport and credentials, and seemed to apologize for being alive. Yet there was a certain determination beneath their sauvity; and from this point the road was girded by a cordon of troops like a band of steel. Even the Boers never guarded their railways with firmer, surer hand.

## *The Want of Trees In Turkey*

The first thing to notice when you leave Serbia and go into Turkey is the want of trees in the Sultan's domains. The Turk is a person of great genius in inventing taxes, and every tree on the farms of Macedonia is taxed. Hence the farmer will not have a tree unless it is a good big one. Under every green tree along the railway were the white tents of the soldiery of Abdul the Damned. But on each side of me I saw the tobacco green beside all waters; the maize or "kukurutz," as they call it, waved in tasselled loveliness, and the wheat was turning yellow in the constant sun. And Turkish women with their peculiar veils weeded in the furrows, along with the brown-faced women of Macedonia, who are Christians.

The Turkish gentleman with me, who had asked me to share his railway compartment the night before, spoke of the beauty of the fields and of the benignant sky and the prolific soil. The white tents came to be closer and closer together; and clustered on every hillside were the well-filled graveyards. In fact, the graveyard, with its slabs askew and trodden in by cattle and swine, is almost the only enlivening object in the landscape of greens and grays. No farm-houses exist outside of the villages; these nestle back in the hollows of the hills, or huddle in a crouching position along the line of the railway.

## *Food for Turkish Dungeons*

Suddenly the train stopped in a cornfield. I jumped out and began taking snap-shots of the tents beside us. I was so interested in the photographing business that I did not at

once notice a commotion among the soldiers, as a convoy came up to the cars, accompanied by five stalwart and swart individuals who were unarmed and dressed unlike their companions. They had the distinctive costume of the Bulgar farmer. When I asked my Turkish friend what was the matter, he spoke in broken English and German: "*Die Bulgarisch man hier komen, mit ein bomb fur di brucke. Die Turkish man hier komen also mit un gun,*" and he glanced along the imaginary line of a rifle barrel. The story was told. These five had come to blow up our train; they had been caught and they were here; sent from the green, sunny field to rot in Moslem dungeons. Happy the dead compared to them!

I could not but sympathize with them as they stood out bold and calm and quiet. They were of the Bulgarian committee. They had risked their lives and homes and everything that a man holds dear to gain sweet liberty. This committee should have the sympathy of every civilized man on earth. It has had scoundrels like Saraffoff and the gentry who abducted Miss Stone. But the Boers had Piet Dewet and the Americans had Arnold. Today 95 per cent. of the people of Bulgaria are members of the Macedonian committee. When one considers that three-fourths of the Macedonians are Bulgarians one cannot wonder at this fact.

#### *An Afternoon In Salonica*

The prisoners were put on the train for Salonica, and we moved in safety to Uskub. At the station I was met by a porter who had on his hat the letters, "*Hotel Amerique.*" So



STRONGHOLD OF USKUB,  
where 10,000 Turkish troops are kept to put down  
the insurrection in Macedonia.



THE HOTEL AMERIQUE,  
which never had an American guest before.

I went to that hostelry. They had never had an Englishman as a guest and they had never seen an American before. The rooms were clean and the beds were fine—no fleas, they all having decamped to forage on the dogs. Soon the chief of police came, and in soft, gentle Gascon-French asked me of my motives and aims in life. I told him my chief aim at present was to see the English consul, Mr. Fontana, whereupon he made a profound salaam and wished me good morning.

I spent a pleasant afternoon with my dragoman in the markets, mosques and graveyards of the old Macedonian town. This is near the birthplace of Philip the Great. It has been Pagan, Greek, Christian and is now Mohammedan—tomorrow it will be civilized. The mosques were not well attended. The graves are cheerful lounging places. And I actually saw a peasant whetting his scythe on the gravestone of his grandfather—the best use I ever knew a man to make of his ancestor's renown. In the cemetery on the hill I noted lots of new-made graves. The dragoman saw me looking at them. "The plague," he said in explanation. There were other explanations that he did not dare to give, for he was a Greek and a Christian.

#### *Kurds Marching to Sousa's Airs*

We had to be in the house before dark. After a long night's sleep, punctuated by the barking of the dogs, I dreamed I was at Coney Island and heard Sousa's music. When I looked out of my window, sure enough there was a band playing Sousa's marches—but no Coney Island, only a long line of dark-faced warriors. Some had white



BRITISH CONSUL IN MACEDONIA PROTECTED  
BY A TURKISH KAVASS

caps. My guide told me they were Albanians; some had red fezes, they were Kurds; some had loose trousers, baggy in front and buttoned behind; they were Bashi-Bazouks—not at all bashful as their names seem to imply. All the way from the fort to the station the road was alive with dusky, grim, hard-faced men, ready to make their swords drink the blood of the Christians.

No Christian is allowed to be in the army of the sultan. The Albanians interested and pleased me a great deal. They looked up at my camera and laughed and shouted words of cheer. They appeared like the Rough Riders, without the Rough Riders' ideals.

Not afraid of the officers nor of the padishah himself, these stout, God-defying rascals marched on to the drama of red realism. Three days later, it is said, they captured the town of Kastoria, and killed men, women and children, sparing only cats and dogs and donkeys. They care more for a dog's life than a Christian's.

#### *The Fighting Albanians*

The Albanian occupies the ancient empire of Pyrrhus, King of Epirus. The number of the tribe is about 1,500,000. One-half of the Albanians are Christians of the Greek church and the Roman Catholic church; the other half are imperfectly converted to the doctrines of the Prophet. They live in a land of wild mountains and rich, green valleys, smiling lakes and fertilizing rivers; they are not farmers and merchants, but are by trade, as a nation, simple-hearted robbers.

There are so many robbers in Albania that there is not enough when they steal the whole wealth of the country to keep them all at

work, so the overplus are joined to the army of the sultan, whom they hate, and they fight the Christians, whom they do not understand.

In many Albanian families the men are Mohammedans and the women are Catholics: so that at the same table one member of the family will eat food which is forbidden by the religion of the others. Yet the Albanians see no inconsistency in this any more than they see disgrace in highway robbery or the slaughter of infants. Women they regard as inferior creatures, and will kill a Christian woman sooner than they would harm a horse or a dog.

The military authorities at Constantinople have been informed that a general rising is to be feared in Albania. The Albanians say: "We are believers in Allah. We aid the sultan whenever he needs the help of our hands and weapons. Yet the sultan wants us to submit to a lot of things which we do not understand. On the other hand, the 'giaours' commit thousands of crimes. When they are captured they are tried, condemned and released. Who is badly treated in all this?"

The Albanians have intimated that they are not disposed to pay taxes, that they do not recognize the fisc, that they will bow to no authority, that they desire absolute liberty and will take it. Unfortunately, they also claim the right to rob and massacre and to revenge themselves on the Christians.

Consequently all that Hilmi Pasha had accomplished in eight months is labor lost. The idea of pacification was but a dream and the dream has faded away. But the Albanian is a fine, stern specimen of the old Greco-Latin race. He needs only to be washed,



ALBANIAN SOLDIER AND HIS KIT AT KASTORIA

thrashed and sent to school, and then he will be the best race of the Balkans.

### *Very Jovial Ruffians*

I followed the procession to the station of Uskub. The camera pleased the soldiers but frightened the officers. After I had made a dozen views, a nice-looking colonel came and pleaded with me to go away.

"Where will I go?" I asked him.

"Oh, anywhere," he said, smiling.

The Albanians treated me right royally. They gave me bread and salt and water, and wanted me to open the camera and grind out their pictures one by one. When I could not do this they scowled, put their hands on the long knives in their belts, and one forward ruffian took the camera and had it half opened when I appealed to an officer, who made him give it up.

Then the men saw the Austro-Hungarian consul at his house, which is close to the station. Without any orders they sent a volley after him. Luckily for them they missed him, and the officers rushed among them and hustled them into the train to send them off to the front. They sang martial airs and hooted their officers, using, I suppose, all the slang they could think of. The doors were slammed; a dozen mules carrying cartridge boxes came down to the cars. The men would not at first assist the officers to load the ammunition on the train. I can see their finish if the Bulgarian army ever gets after them.

### *Two Fallacies Concerning the Turk*

Right here there are two mistakes about



MOHAMMEDAN WOMAN IN THE VILAYET OF MONASTIR



STREET CLEANING IN MACEDONIA

the Turks that ought to be corrected: one is that they are more devoted to their religion than the Christians. This is simply one of those popular lies that every once in a while travels around unanswered. I was in the church of Belgrade, where there are 200 Moslems. There was only one worshipper in the mosque, and he was the sexton. In Uskub there are 20,000 Mohammedans, yet I could not count in all their mosques 500 worshippers. The second mistake is that the Turk courts death, and would as lief have it as life. This is sheer rot. The Turk never attacks unless he knows he is five to one of the enemy. He is a consummate coward as well as an irate fiend.

The general insurrection, proclaimed by the Sofia revolutionary committees, and carried out by the Bulgarian element in Macedonia, is far from being quelled. Notwithstanding the concentration of troops in the chief towns of the vilayets and at various strategical points, the audacity of the insurgents remains unabated. It cannot be denied that, in some instances, this audacity rises to the height of pure heroism. One could scarcely have imagined such actions possible on the part of villagers accustomed to pass their lives at the plough and yield submissively to every wish of their masters. The latter must have carried matters very far indeed for the serfs of yesterday to demand their freedom in so energetic a manner.

### *Methods of the Insurgents.*

The insurgents go about in armed bands, about one hundred strong, provided with an assortment of explosives. They burn down everything on their way, particularly crops



and farm buildings owned by Mussulmans. They behave in the same manner in the Turkish villages. When they reach a Bulgarian village, they take refuge in it if its position and resources render it an advantageous retreat. If not, they pillage the village or else stir up the able-bodied men of the place to arm themselves with pitchforks and spades and flee with them to the mountains.

Consequently, the houses are deserted, field work has been abandoned, starvation and ruin are rampant. Places that once were flourishing centers are now deserted ruins. It is the abomination of desolation. Meanwhile excesses are being committed on both sides. It fares ill with patrols that fall into the hands of the insurgents; it fares ill with insurgents who are overtaken by the patrols. One often sees corpses at the bottoms of ravines and near the bridges. Sometimes a Turkish officer has been crucified or Turkish sentinels have been annihilated. At other times the stragglers of a revolutionary band have been massacred. On the whole I think that as many Turks as Christians have been killed. We heard constantly of 200 or 500 or 1,000 Turkish soldiers being cut to pieces.

#### *At Least 80,000 Slain.*

At Kotchain on September 18, six hundred Turks were slain. A few days later at Kresna Pass nearly 1,000 were killed in action: so the red record goes. Perhaps 40,000 Christians and quite as many Turks have been killed and wounded since the fight began. But I firmly believe that the Bulgarians and Macedonians are not trying to take the palm for ingenious cruelty from the inglorious Turk. The Moslem soldier has been thought a terrible fighter, because of the large number of corpses he has strewn in his path. But when we remember that these have been women and children, the Turk is not so indomitable. He has harried the helpless from the cradle of childhood to the quiet corner of old age.

The Bulgarians have the whole Turkish empire terrorized by a few bombs. Whenever the Turk has been opposed by equal numbers of the Macedonians, he has not only been whipped, but has been annihilated.

Prince Ferdinand is as subtle as the sultan himself; he has a splendid army of 250,000 soldiers armed with Mannlicher rifles and French artillery. This prince played against the Russian bear in diplomacy and won. His nation is just now the bravest in the Balkans. It whipped Serbia into a jelly in one week in 1886. The trouble now is that Serbia and Greece are both jealous of their more enterprising and progressive neighbor. Ferdinand wants Salonica. Of course, he won't get it; but neither will Austria nor Russia nor Will the War-lord.

#### *Macedonia Sure to Be Free.*

The Macedonian will be free ere many moons if I mistake not. Some such treaty as the one which Russia dictated at San Stefano in 1878 will have to be written soon, and, what is more important, it will have to be kept this time. The world gazes in horror, while babes are ripped open in their mother's arms. I was told of how these fiends cut the quivering flesh from a woman's side to see her heart beat; how in their mad lust they hacked to pieces a peasant and his child because he refused to surrender his wife to their brutality. They have no God, these brutal Turks.

Too long has Europe watched this bloody tragedy.

I lingered in Macedonia, amid its olives and pomegranates, saw its blessed soil and lovely climate, and then looked into the starved and frightened faces of the simple farmers and could read the touching records of a weary life. In every blazing desert and untilled garden; in every crouching, averted countenance; in every walled village and wattled house I read the reeking drama of 500 years.

Turkey has called out her rediffs till 300,000 human jackals make a waste of Macedonia and call it peace. But the day of vengeance is near. The Bulgarians are justified in nearly everything they have done; and, before high heaven, they shall win, for they are freemen fighting for their homes and they have on their side the spirit of freedom and humanity.

## HOW TO GET HOLD OF THE NEW THOUGHT

When so-called faith becomes cold and formal it is not faith at all, and its power is gone. People can get no warmth and vitality out of the New Thought unless they put some in.  
\* \* \* Nothing above the commonplace can be made perfectly rational to a sluggish and unbelieving mind. — From "The New Thought Simplified," by Henry Wood: Lee & Shepard.

# Books as I Find Them

By KATE SANBORN

AUTHOR OF "HOME PICTURES OF ENGLISH POETS"

"And the book of Nature  
Getteth short of leaves."

SO sang dear Tom Hood.

This falling of the leaves, after the glories of the Autumnal Transfiguration the most gorgeous scenic effect in the Miracle Play of the seasons, is sad to see. But in the hurly-burly of life one attraction presses forward as another fails, and now publishers are issuing millions of leaves, black and white, hoping they will all soon be read, while a reviewer feels "snowed in," as De Quincey used to call it. When he had filled a room with his rambling, voluminous mss., he locked the door and departed to find another study: the critic must stand bravely by, trying to accomplish what seems impossible, as if ordered to put the genii of the *Arabian Nights* back into the bottle. Visiting a relative in the far West, we sat up late recalling old times, old friends and the finale of each person. I grew weary of detailing in a Josh Whitcomby manner the entire career of so many. So, when he inquired:

"What of Squire Ransom? I heard he was found to be dishonest?" I just pointed downward.

"And his white-haired wife? She was a saint." I indicated a happy ascent; much easier!

With a dozen novels to dissect, why not adopt for once the condensed and jerky style of Jingle in *Pickwick*; a brief estimate with no amplification. No chronic novel reader wants the plot told in full or in part either, as is often done to save thinking; that is not literary judgment; has no value. *The Mettle of the Pasture*, in spite of adverse criticism, or because of it, ranks first as the seller of

last month, and *The Call of the Wild* a close second. Does Mr. London under-rate his gifts? He says: "Any style I may have has been acquired by sweat." His inspiration is not akin to perspiration; it is talent that sweats for results, but genius is something outside of one's self, beyond and far away; often only a transient guest.

Now for a trial of my new system; all these novels cost \$1.50.

*Round Anvil Rock*, Nancy Huston Banks; Macmillan Co.: Entirely unlike *Oldfield*; an uncommon thing for a woman's second venture. No dried-rose-leaf suggestions, no fragrance of pressed lavender, not a hint of *Cranford*. Instead, a bit of pioneer history in the making of old Kentucky; constant action, exciting incidents, wounds, blood, bandages, fair hands, crime, and romance. Better than her first.

*The Law of Life*, Anna McClure Sholl; D. Appleton & Co.: A good story of daily life and work, the law of a necessity for love permeating all, in a modern university town; dialogue natural, entertaining; no straining after epigrams and verbal fireworks. I had supposed that the musty, fusty, dried-up, book-absorbed scholar like Dr. Penfold was but a horror of the past century. Guess he had to be exhumed to provide cruel discipline for the much-to-be-pitied heroine. This is worth buying.

*Goodbye, Proud World*, Ellen Olney Kirk; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: The fourteenth novel from Mrs. Kirk; she shows the skill that comes from constant practice, and has never produced a failure. This is the best since *Margaret Kent*. A woman journalist, who, like too many others, was expected to do the work of three ordinary persons, with

the pay of one. She did it well, and got a most unusual reward by falling heir to a fascinating old country place. Her subsequent experiences are splendidly given. Plot old, but are there any new ones?

*The Joyous Heart*, Viola Roseboro; McClure, Phillips & Co.: A story that made no impression on me saving this: if a woman could go through all that pretty Vella was called upon to endure and still preserve "a joyous heart," she was a rare creature.

*The Voice in the Desert*, Pauline Bradford Mackie; same publishers: A much better story of a lonely, unsatisfied, ambitious wife in a Mexican desert and the step she at last took to give her children a chance and herself a needed change. There is also a beautiful young woman, who unintentionally won the heart of every man who came near her; accused by one of the rejected of being like the desert, a sorceress, an illusion, a chimera. The book has no special aim or lesson, but is well written.

*An April Princess*, Constance Smedley; Dodd, Mead & Co.: Now we have got something rich and refreshing; the first novel of a spirited, witty, human, young English girl with a bewitching personality and a handsome, merry, smiling face of her own. The emotional life of a pretty girl; intense, original, dashing, audacious, fond of skating on thin ice, risking too much, yet never losing the game; always mistress of the often dangerous situation, until the true king comes to rule the princess. A girl who thinks out loud what many charming girls whisper to their sub-conscious souls at midnight in a dark room. That is all, but I promise you a real pleasure.

*The Literary Sense*, E. Nesbit; Macmillan Co.: This collection of eighteen short love stories is the most artistic, finished work. The sketches are both humorous and tragic and seem unreal, probably because, true to life, the suffer-

ers are those who, like the timid man who took a dancing guide to the ball, stumble because they do not act out their better selves. Trust to common sense, to "horse sense" rather than to literary light, when the capricious, illogical, hypnotising, tormenting, confounding-and-bless-him little winged archer demands a decision of one's destiny.

THE true musical temperament is fully as "onsartain," but Mr. Albert Morris Bagby made several years ago a precious chronicle of his studies at Weimar, with the grand old meister, Franz Liszt, and the love that sprung up so easily and naturally in the hearts of the young pianists and their friends, called *Miss Traumeri*; fully illustrated. It was Liszt, wasn't it, who urged his pupils to fall speedily in love, for no real expression could be given to music without knowledge of the bliss and tortures that belong to a grand passion. Mr. Bagby published the book himself; now in its fourth edition, and it will increase in readers and popularity each year. He was an Illinois boy, son of a well-known lawyer and congressman. For six generations back his mother's ancestors (English) were all literary people. He writes me:

"I was a pupil of Liszt for two years, and knew him more intimately than many, as I played whist with him seven days in the week."

I happen to know that the young enthusiast borrowed money to get to Weimar and, best of all, paid it back, every cent, soon after he began to teach in New York City. His "Musical Mornings" are one of the few enduring attractions of a Winter in that easily tired city, because there never has been anything so good offered there at private musicales.

We are favored with pictures of Liszt, his home, music-room, sleeping-room, his faithful housekeeper, Pauline; the Stahr sisters, and their music room; all



FRANZ LISZT AT THE PIANO

An illustration from Albert Morris Bagby's book, "Miss Traumerel".

that is lacking is a photo of Muriel, the heroine of a very pretty love tale. Such a novel has a positive reason for being, and it had to be written.

**O**THER writers are unequal in their work and show some variety in their style. But when Clifton Johnson comes to greet us with records of a new trip, we know just what we are to enjoy. Whether it happens that he travels through the farming districts of New England, or English hedgerows, or French byways, in the Isle of the Shamrock, or *The Land of the Heather*, which is the title of his last addition to this pleasant series, he is always the same,—serene, genial, mildly humorous and his path is ever the pathway of peace. His pictures are all equally satisfying; a unique evenness about all he does or says. I have full faith that he could describe a cyclone and give a restful effect to the situation in photo and text. In Scotland he abode in the secluded hamlet of Drumtochty, made famous by

the annals of *Brier Bush*, and found that facts were a little different from the story. For instance, the lovable Dr. MacLure was never any hero to his neighbors,—not much; only a fairly good doctor if you were so lucky as to catch him sober. Peter Bruce was, however, perfectly described, and is still running the same train. “Oh, I ken Watson fine,” he said; “but thae books are two-third lees.” Of course we understand that the doctor used a poetical license and a delightful amount of color and allowable exaggeration.

**HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK, Jr.**, a name that tells of good ancestry, published nine *Essays on Great Writers* in the Atlantic and they are now in book form. They show sound and varied scholarship, and an agreeable style. Scott, Macaulay, Montaigne, Thackeray, Cervantes are discussed, but these men have all been done over so many times that I advise going occasionally straight to the dear giants themselves, without waiting for an introduction or wasting time on so many volumes of appreciation and criticism, however well done. His estimate of D’Annunzio, the revolting Italian novelist, interests more, on account of the freshness of material. *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*, \$1.50



F. BERKELEY SMITH,  
author of “The Real Latin Quarter”

**T**HE Macmillan Company is doing a wise thing in sending out little books costing only a quarter each, with Byron’s *Shorter Poems*, Macaulay’s *Essay on Johnson*, Irving’s *Life of Goldsmith*, and so on. That’s it. Go to headquarters for your reading, and have opinions of your own. The same company sends Bishop Ainger’s biography of Crabbe, one of the English Men of Letters series; cost seventyfive cents. Most of us could exist without Crabbe and his *Tales*, but he was a good parson, a real friend to the poor, a genuine poet. “Mr. Crabbe,” Burke told Reynolds, “appears to know



something of everything." Byron ranked Crabbe with Coleridge in point of genius. Yet, did he leave one immortal couplet?

The same publishers give us a book beautifully printed on paper it is a delight to run the hand across, copiously illustrated with exquisite pictures, each worthy of a frame, from the pen of Daniel P. Rhodes, son of the historian. He was born educated, inheriting a fin-

ished vocabulary, and in *A Pleasure Book of Grindelwald* tells exactly what we want to know and in the most alluring manner.

And now, aufwiedersehen.

*Kate Sanborn*

## CHARLES WARREN STODDARD IN CAMBRIDGE

AFTER long journeying in many lands, Charles Warren Stoddard has come to anchor for the Winter in Cambridge. He has taken rooms in Prescott Hall at Harvard, and says he expects now to begin work upon his second novel. His first, published recently by Robertson of San Francisco under the alluring title, "For the Pleasure of His Company," is winning golden opinions from the best qualified American literary critics.

On an evening in late September, I sat with Mr. Stoddard before a cheery open fireplace and heard the quaint and interesting history of that odd book-title.

Stoddard was Kipling's guest in Vermont. One day the English poet remarked that Stoddard "ought to write a novel."

"I have written one," said Stoddard.

"Then," said Kipling, "I should like to see it."

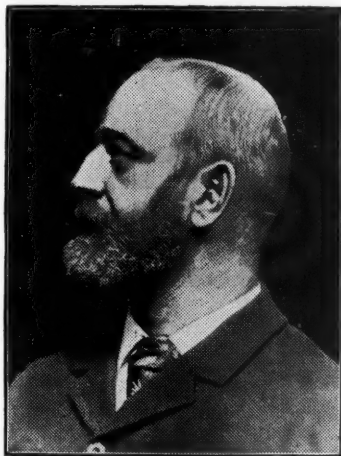
"You can see it if you wish to."

"Where is it?"

"Up-stairs."

"Bring it down and let me read it."

The manuscript was exhumed from a trunk in which it had lain for several years. Kipling read it and declared his intention of trying to find a publisher for it, but urged that it should first be recast in another form. He added: "Call it 'For the Pleasure of His Company,'" a suggestion so apt that it was



CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

accepted at once. Stoddard did rewrite the novel and produced a story three-sided—the theme in each phase being the experiences of a young author attempting to gain a living and recognition in San Francisco. All three parts of the novel cover the same period in the author's life,—the work is thinly veiled autobiography—but each part shows him surrounded by a different circle of friends and acquaintances. The book has not much plot, but it does possess the delicate charm that characterizes all Mr. Stoddard's earlier writings.

The Pacific Coast has given five first-class men to American letters—Joaquin Miller, Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Stoddard and Edwin Markham. Stoddard's masterpiece—and one of the best half-dozen books ever written in America, in my opinion—is "South Sea Idyls." His published works include: "In the Footprints of the Padres," "Exits and Entrances," "South Sea Idyls," "Hawaiian Life: Lazy Letters from Low Latitudes," "Cruise Under the Crescent," "A Troubled Heart and How It Was Comforted," "Wonder-workers of Padua," "Mashallah: a Flight into Egypt," "The Lepers of Molokai," "Poems," and "Over the Rocky Mountains to Alaska." Stoddard's literary product is as markedly individual as Charles Lamb's, and at its best, of equal merit.

*Frank Putnam.*

# Governor Cummins of Iowa

By *ARTHUR McILROY*

IOWA has many strong men in politics. Wililam B. Allison shares with two or three others the highest honors and responsibilities of the United States senate. Jonathan B. Dolliver, the junior senator from Iowa, ranks among the foremost orators and campaigners of his time. Leslie E. Shaw directs the financial affairs of the government from the treasury department, and James Wilson has made the agricultural department a source of national pride and a model for agricultural bureaus throughout the world. Henderson, Lacey, Cousins and others in the lower house of congress have won laurels for the state which every Iowan believes to be fairest and best in the Union. "Uncle Horace" Boies, twice governor of Iowa, and the only democrat so honored since the Civil War, is still an honored advisor in the highest councils of his party. James B. Weaver, erstwhile presidential nominee of a third party, proved the strength of Iowans by making an unprecedented run—for a third-party candidate. The list is long, and growing.

Latest in this galaxy of distinguished Iowans to attract national attention is the present governor, Mr. Cummins. He went into office as a reformer and has submitted his record to the voters in his candidacy for a second term. His democratic opponent is Jeremiah Sullivan, an able and popular man. There is little doubt that Governor Cummins will be reelected with a large majority. He is one of the most original and forceful men in politics today, and his career as a national leader in the movement for tariff revision will be regarded with keen interest throughout the country.

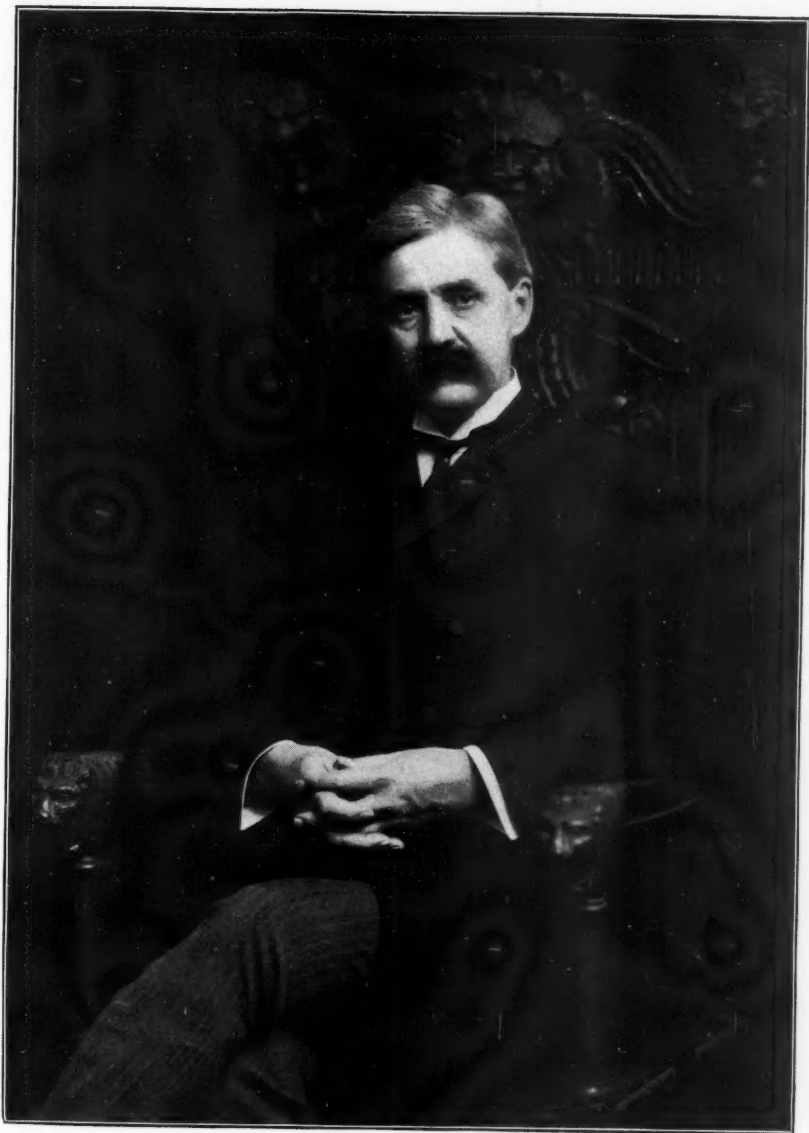
Governor Albert B. Cummins was born in Carmichaels, Greene County, Penn-

sylvania, February 15, 1850. On his father's side, the family came from Virginia; on his mother's, from North Carolina. His mother's grandfather was one of the signers of the Mecklenberg Declaration of Independence.

Governor Cummins attended the common schools until he was fourteen, then for three years Greene Academy in Carmichaels and still later Waynesburg (Pennsylvania) College, two years. Vacations were spent either on the farm or at the carpenter's bench, he having learned the carpenter's trade by the time he was fourteen years of age.

In September, 1869, he went from Pennsylvania to Clayton County, Iowa, and found employment in the recorder's office at Elkader. In the Spring of 1870 he began work as a carpenter and continued until August of that year, when he entered the United States Express office at McGregor, and continued there, either as a clerk in the express office or express messenger, until the Spring of 1871, when he went to Fort Wayne, Indiana, to take the place of deputy surveyor of Allen county. He remained there nearly two months, when he took the position of division engineer on the Cincinnati, Richmond & Fort Wayne railway, and was shortly thereafter promoted to assistant chief engineer of the road, and remained with it until it was completed in 1871. January 1, 1872, he became assistant chief engineer in charge of the construction of the Northern Central Michigan railway, and worked upon it during that year. Meantime, he had been appointed assistant chief engineer of the Denver & Rio Grande railway, and left Michigan about Christmas, 1872, to go to Denver.

Passing through Chicago, he found



GOVERNOR ALBERT B. CUMMINS OF IOWA

opportunity to secure employment in a law office, and abandoning civil engineering, began studying law in the office of McClellan & Hodges, and continued for two years, when he was admitted to the bar, and immediately entered the practice. He remained in Chicago until January, 1878, when he removed to Des Moines, being first connected with his brother, J. C. Cummins; afterward, in November, 1881, he formed a partnership with Judge Wright, Thomas S. Wright and Carroll Wright. This partnership continued until Judge Wright retired from practice, and afterward without any change in name until Thomas S. Wright took charge of the business of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railway company and moved to Chicago, since which time Mr. Shaw has, until inaugurated as governor, in 1902, been a member of the firm of Cummins & Wright.

In 1881 he was employed to break up the then barbed-wire monopoly, and succeeded in winning a victory for the unlicensed manufacturers of Iowa, so that they were not obliged to pay tribute to the Washburn-Moen Company. This battle lasted five years. He has been president of the Polk County Bar Association and has otherwise been honored by the members of his profession.

Governor Cummins entered politics at the time of his permanent removal to Iowa, in 1878, and soon became prominent as a republican campaigner, but he was not a candidate for office until 1887, when he was elected to represent Polk county in the twentysecond general assembly. This general assembly revised the laws governing railway corporations, and Governor Cummins was foremost in the work.

In 1892, when Iowa had a democratic governor, the republican state general committee united in extending to Governor Cummins an invitation to preside at the approaching state convention, which he accepted, and the speech delivered

by him as temporary chairman was widely quoted during that and succeeding campaigns. The same convention elected him an alternate-at-large to the republican national convention at Minneapolis, and a later convention the same year elected him elector-at-large. In the campaign of 1892 he made many speeches for the republican ticket, probably more than any other man in his state; and in every campaign following has been on the stump as long, or longer, than any man not a candidate for office.

In 1896, Governor Cummins was permanent chairman of the state convention which selected delegates to St. Louis, and was himself one of the delegates to the national convention of that year, and was, by the delegation, elected national committeeman for the ensuing four years. While a member of the national committee, he spent three months in Chicago with the executive committee, in the conduct of the national campaign.

In 1899-1900 he was a candidate for the office of United States senator, to succeed John H. Gear, the latter standing for a renomination, and the contest became memorable in the history of Iowa politics. In the end, the vote stood fortyone to thirtyeight in favor of Mr. Dolliwer, the Gear candidate.

In 1901 Mr. Shaw won the republican nomination for governor on the first ballot, in the largest convention ever assembled in Iowa, and with four strong men contending for the honor; and in the election that followed he was elected by a plurality of 83,000, the largest ever given a governor in the state of Iowa.

Among his most important official acts thus far may be mentioned his veto of the Molsberry bill, passed by the twenty-second general assembly, which bill permitted railway corporations to incur debt without limit.

He was unanimously renominated in July of this year.

# Boston and the Honourables

By FRANK B. TRACY



LADY DENBIGH

**I** FANCY I can see the puzzled expression on the face of the average American citizen living outside New England as he has read the news of the movements of a certain London party which paid a visit to the United States during the first half of October. If that American citizen had chanced upon a copy of any Boston newspaper during that period, his amazement would have gained strength.

Finally, he must have thrown down the paper, with that amused contempt and yet secret admiration with which all his kind view Boston, and cried, "Well, what a lot of fuss for nothing! Just like Boston!"

And yet the average American was wrong. It was certainly a lot of fuss, with many libations and much millinery, but it was not all for nothing.

Let us look at the phenomenon calmly. Probably it could have happened in no other city than Boston, but that does not render it inutile. It readily divides itself into four parts—Boston, London, the Ancients and the Honourables. Without Boston the Ancients could not be, while I cannot imagine Boston without the Ancients. The Honourables and London are doubtless similarly associated together, if not in degree at least in spirit. "The Ancients" is the common abbreviation for "The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston." And "The Honourables" is short for "The Honourable Artillery Company of London." The latter was organized during the reign of Henry VIII, and the former, patterned after the latter, was chartered in 1683, eight years after *urbs condita*, as the seal of Boston puts it.

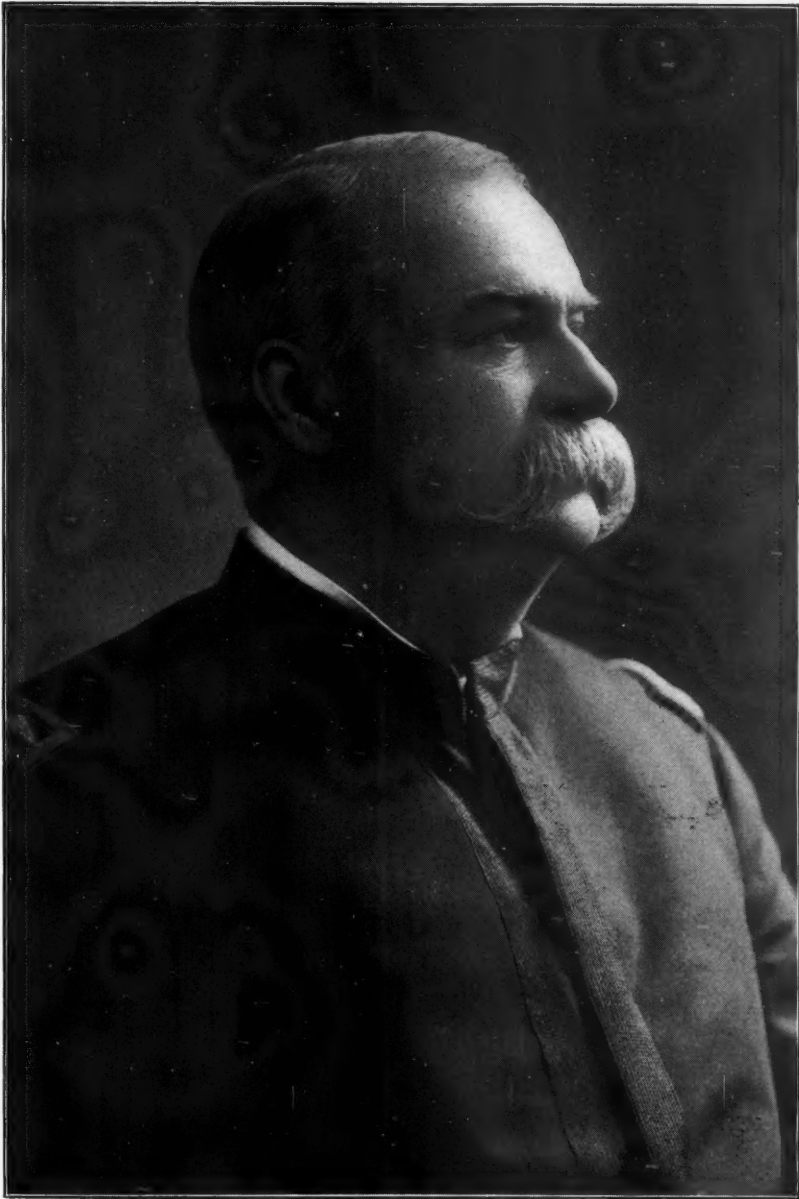
These companies are social as well as military organizations and have preserved throughout the centuries as societies and as individuals excellent records in war, in the state's service and in business. In 1896 the Ancients paid a visit to the Honourables. This year saw the return visit. Each company found in the other a substantial basis for companionship and esteem. And since the Ancients had so enjoyed their visit, they determined on this occasion to show their appreciation by outdoing, if possible, the warmth of their reception in London. Undoubtedly they did it. Earl Denbigh, the commander of the Honourables, cabled Edward VII his astonishment at Boston's greeting, and the king was also glad by cable. How many dinners the visitors were given and how many times made the target of toasts and speeches I cannot count. Let me give but a brief calendar of the days:





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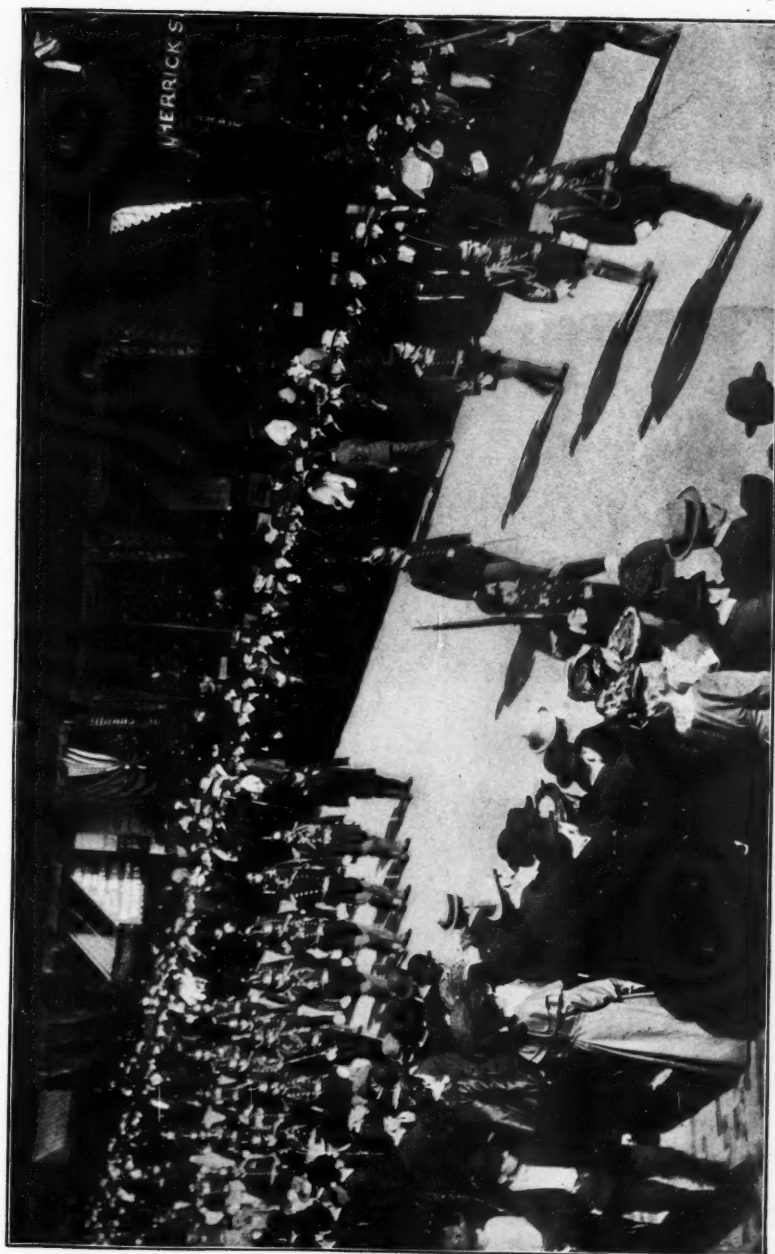
EARL DENBIGH, COMMANDING THE HONOURABLES  
Photo by Chickering



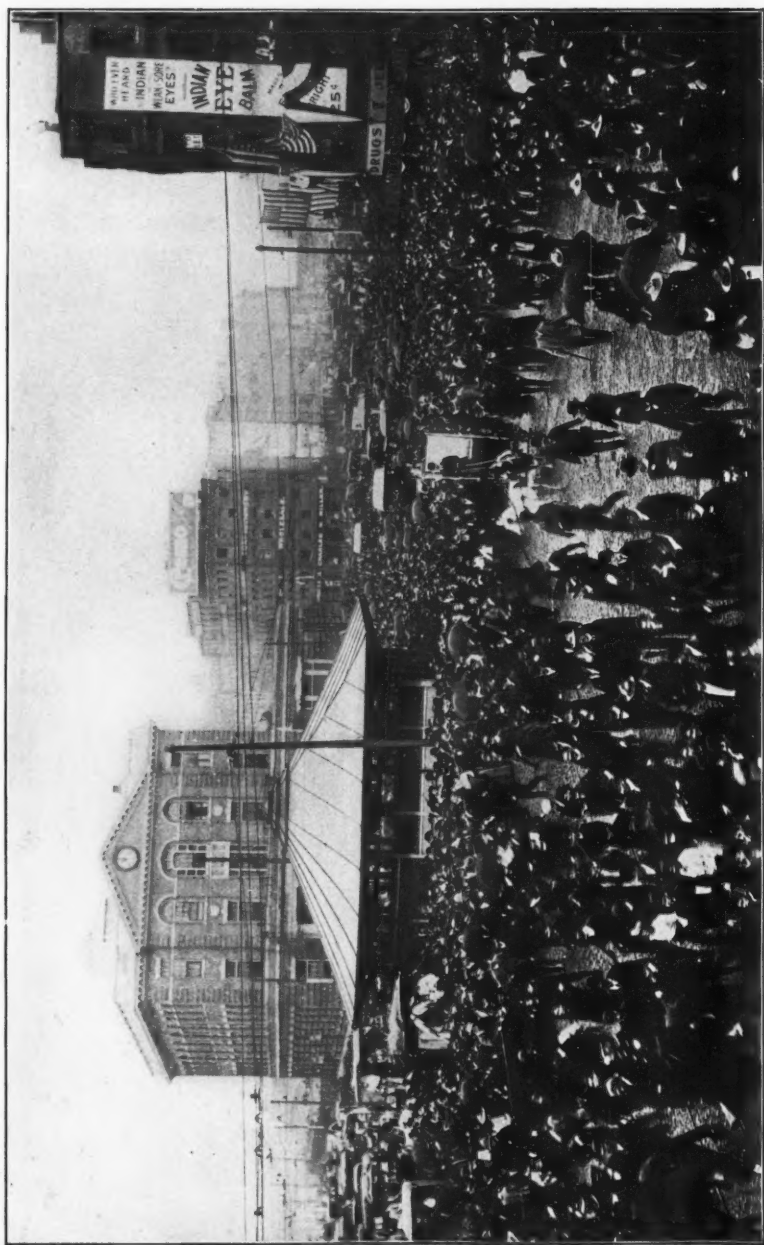
COLONEL SIDNEY M. HEDGES, COMMANDING THE ANCIENTS  
Photograph by Chickering



HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF LONDON, IN WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON  
Photograph by Chickering



THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY ESCORTING THE HONOURABLES  
Photograph by Chickering



LORD DENBIGH SAID THE POPULAR WELCOME PLEASED HIM MOST  
Photograph by Chickering



The visitors, 165 in number, arrived on October 2, quite fittingly on the good ship "Mayflower," landing very near Bunker Hill, where their ancestors won a disastrous victory some years before, and paraded through Boston's streets in a London fog, escorted by the Ancients, militia and cadets. They were reviewed by Mayor Collins and Governor Bates and presented a striking appearance, every man being his own drum-major by wearing a gigantic beaver cap. They were dined that night at the Ancients' headquarters in old Faneuil Hall, and for a week they were guests twenty hours a day at all sorts of gatherings. Then they "evacuated Boston," as that city's favorite tea-table journal put it, and, accompanied by 100 Ancients, invaded West Point, New York, Washington, (where they were received at the White House by the president) and Niagara. They spent two days in Canada and returned to Boston after a week's absence. On the next day, after enduring another assault of gayety and entertainment and giving a banquet to the Ancients, they sailed on the Columbus for home.

Boston did indeed entertain the Honourables extraordinarily well. The governor, the mayor and all other officials were kept running for their glory. The very best the city affords, which is closed and unknown except to the minutest fraction of its population, opened readily to those men from London. Boston is hospitable always to organized strangers—ask any teacher who was here in July—but the standing of the Ancients at home was such that their guests could want for nothing. The Ancients are primarily "good fellows," but they also constitute an important element in the business and political world of Boston. Their

bibulous proclivities are a wornout newspaper jest. They are always able to secure the leading men of the state to address them and their annual dinners are well worth attending for the warm comradeship and frank patriotism there shown.

That the visit of the Honourables means an Anglo-American alliance, as some excited enthusiasts predict, is as absurd as the statement that the visit of the Ancients, occurring as it did during the Venezuelan muddle, prevented war between England and the United States. But that this Boston visit did show a peculiar warmth of feeling between Englishmen and Americans, as well as between Londoners and Bostonians, cannot be denied. Our street Arabs will not so cheer for any other sort of alien visitors.

There are politicians who assert that all quarrels occur because the disputants misunderstand each other. So with nations. The British made a bad blunder in 1775 (and, by the way, their textbooks so teach today) because they did not know their sons here. And toward them Americans of other bloods feel drawn by the constitutional, historical and language ties. True, the two nations err. Many think they did in 1898 and 1899. But beneath their rulers' political errors and even crimes, each people feels that the heart of the other is clean and pure. That such a brief visit to a small section of this country can have an instant, deep effect upon the whole is incredible; but that in New England and slowly throughout both countries the visit of the Honourables has made more vivid this sentiment of common brotherhood and better understanding, is a hope which in its fascination has come to many of us to be a fact.

SELF-REVERENT EACH AND REVERENCING EACH,  
DISTINCT IN INDIVIDUALITIES,  
BUT LIKE EACH OTHER EV'N AS THOSE WHO LOVE.

Tennyson: "The Princess."

# ON THE EDITOR'S DESK

## THE DECEMBER NATIONAL

**W**E have not yet completed our schedule for the Christmas National. Some of the special features which will appear are the following:

By **GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE**  
VIRGINIA

*Historic Jamestown* and the commemorative exposition to be held in Hampton Roads in 1907; illustrated with many beautiful pictures of famous places in that vicinity.

By **DALLAS LORE SHARP**  
BOSTON

*Our Chatty Little Friend, the Chickaree*—a humorous yet sympathetic "character study" of one of the most interesting natives of the woods.

By **Mr. P. T. McGRATH**  
NEWFOUNDLAND

*Marconi and the Cables*, a forecast of the

extent to which wireless telegraphy will affect the submarine lines; with maps showing all the Atlantic and Pacific cables now in operation.

By **Mr. R. F. SMITH, Sr.**  
MOBILE, ALABAMA

*Origin and History of the Cake-Walk*, showing how this diversion originated through negroes mimicking fighting-cocks; with several illustrations.

By **GEORGE M. L. BROWN**  
NEW YORK CITY

*Our South American Rival, the Argentine Republic*; a revelation of the remarkable progress that Argentine, whose geographical position in the South Temperate zone corresponds to our own in the North, is making in the acquisition of wealth, culture and power.

By **MILES MENANDER DAWSON**  
NEW YORK CITY

*Partheno-Genesis*, a remarkable poem dealing with mother-love and a woman's contemptuous pity for the cowardly father of her child born out of wedlock. The thought is daring, but the tone and language are pure and eloquent.

## SIX STRONG SHORT STORIES

The writers are Frank Tracy of Boston, Frank H. Sweet of Virginia, Edward W. Woolley of Chicago, Carrie Hunt Latta of Indianapolis, Mr. F. G. Moorhead of Des Moines, Iowa, and Annie Booth McKinney of Knoxville, Tennessee. These are all characteristic "National" stories—full of color, feeling and action—and deal with widely varied phases of American life. Three of them are first-class Christmas stories. For two of these, Wm. C. Rice, Jr., of New York, has drawn some spirited pictures. Every one will please you.



MR. P. T. MC GRATH  
Editor the Herald, St. Johns, Newfoundland

## THE REGULAR DEPARTMENTS

Mr. Chapple's *Affairs at Washington*, Miss Sanborn's *Books as I Find Them*, and Mr. Richardson's *Timely Topics of the Stage* will be up to their usual high standard in text and illustration. Miss Sanborn promises to write about Christmas books for the children.

## HINTS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Our October prize contest called for hints for home-made Christmas gifts, and we expect to be able to present many interesting ideas in this line in the National for December.

## INTERESTING, BUT IT FAILED

OUR November prize contest—limited to high-school pupils—called for short letters forecasting which five nations will probably control the world in the year 2,000 A. D. Three \$5 cash prizes and five annual subscriptions were offered the writers of the best letters.

We regret to say that only one of the letters received—that of James La Pagaud, 1302 Philip Street, New Orleans,—merits a prize. He is awarded \$5. We judge that the bright high-school boys and girls of today either are not moved by the spirit of prophecy, or that they do not find history as interesting as boys and girls of earlier generations found it. The replies are not lacking in interest, however. A majority of the guessers believe the five nations which will lead all others in 2,000 A. D. will rank as follows:

UNITED STATES, RUSSIA, GERMANY, ARGENTINE AND JAPAN.

They predict that Germany will have absorbed France, Italy, Spain, Portugal and the rest of western Europe, except the British Isles; that Russia and Japan will have divided China and the rest of the Orient between them, and that Argentine, already the richest and most powerful of the South American repub-

lics, will have gained dominion over all of South America.

Four of the writers predict that by 2,000 A. D. all the nations of the earth will have been united in one—"the United States of the World," following a last great war between free government, represented by the United States of America, and autocracy, represented by the allied forces of Russia and Germany.

We humbly venture, having read these letters, to express the hope that the high-school teachers are not neglecting the most important lesson that can be imparted to youth, i. e., *clear thinking*.

## OUR NEXT PRIZE OFFER

THIS time our prize offer is addressed to the mothers. The subject is: *What invention is most needed to lighten the work of housekeepers?* Every housekeeper has more than one task that might be lightened, and we take it for granted that, if women were not so eternally busy *doing* small tasks, they would more often invent the tools they feel the need of. At any rate, here is a chance for housekeepers to suggest their wants to the men who do most of the inventing—or get the credit for it anyway, and we shall be surprised if the discussion does not develop some mighty good ideas. Answers should not exceed 300 words in length. Name and address of each writer should appear at the top of the first page of her letter. For the best three letters cash prizes of \$5 each will be awarded. For the next five, annual subscriptions to the Magazine. The prize-winning letters will be published, but names will, if desired, be withheld.

Address all letters to *Prize Department, National Magazine, Boston*.

We want photographs suitable for cover designs and frontispieces. Out-of-door scenes are preferred. Address the Art Editor.



# PROGRESSIVE AMERICAN CITIES



## YORK, PENNSYLVANIA

*By a Staff Correspondent*

With illustrations from photographs by Walter Orwig



COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE

guished position in York. It was at one time the seat of the federal government and has taken a very prominent place in the country's history. Today it stands as the third city in the great commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in the diversity of its industries. It is the intention of this article to show York industrially rather than historically.

A traveler passing the town can see a forest of smokestacks and hundreds of thriving manufactures, which is the best evidence of thrift and progressiveness. Here are made such products as find a ready market in all parts of the world, from a tiny tack to the monster re-

**Y**ORK, the county seat of York county, lies twentyeight miles south of Harrisburg and fiftyeight miles north of Baltimore, in what is known as Pennsylvania's richest farming district, with possibly one exception, — Lancaster county. No city in Pennsylvania holds a more distin-

the state than

frigerating machines, passenger cars, wall-paper, the finest of silks, ponderous bank vaults and agricultural implements. It has been the chief endeavor of the York manufacturer to lay his goods at the door of his customer at a price lower than his competitor and yet make the same profit as his rivals. In this particular York challenges comparison with any other city in the country. With respect to competition among carriers, this city has access to the whole outside world through the Pennsylvania, the Baltimore & Ohio and the Reading systems.

York does not lack capital to carry on its industries. The bank deposits within this city alone aggregate over five and a half millions of dollars, a large portion consisting of time deposits drawing interest. A stranger going into the city is readily told about the city's banking



EAST MARKET STREET, YORK, PENNSYLVANIA

system. The York County National Bank, the oldest in York, was organized in 1848. Its conservative manner of business has made its surplus and profits larger in proportion to its capital than any local bank. Its total resources are over \$1,500,000. The Western National Bank is the only national institution in the western part of the city. Its deposits are close to a half-million dollars. It seems to be the most favored bank in the surrounding farming district. The Drivers and Mechanics Bank is capitalized at \$100,000, and owing to its liberal policy holds deposits of over a half-million dollars, and has been a strong factor in the city's development. The York National Bank, after weathering the financial seas for over ninety years, is well on the way to complete the century of its existence. In '64 the York Bank surrendered its state charter and became the York National Bank with a capital of \$500,000. Since November, 1814, it has declared one hundred and seventy-eight dividends, amounting to nearly \$3,000,000. It is a commercial bank, and ready to help any good business enterprise that needs its aid.

The First National Bank and the York Trust Company are enterprising and conservative institutions, doing their share in promoting the city's growth and prosperity.

Here is also the home office of the Farmers Fire Insurance Company. Its growing business now covers a greater

scope of territory than many larger and older companies. By the last report this company has paid in losses close to nine million dollars.

The city is also becoming famous along other lines. The popular Blackola Shoe Polish is put up by the World's Polish Company in this city. The enormous demand from foreign countries, as well as America, has caused Blackola to become a household word.

Many larger products known over the land have their home in York. Every civilized land has come face to face with Weaver organs and pianos. This immense plant, with an annual output of over five thousand instruments, represents an investment of near a half-million dollars. W. B. Gibson, the mayor of York, is president. The directors include the most prominent men in this section of the country.

The York Silk Manufacturing Company manufactures "Moneybak" silks, which have a reputation country-wide. Every yard leaving the looms must pass a strict examination before it receives the stamp of perfection, and that stamp is "Moneybak." Miss Emma M. Hooper, in the Ladies Home Journal, says in her remarks on "Home Dress-making," that in order to have goods that are worth the price paid, one must use good judgment in the buying and in making the selection of silks. She goes so far as to mention that in buying "Moneybak" there is a certain surety that is not possible with many other silks. This firm will have the most modern machinery at work in its display at the St. Louis World's Fair.

The York Manufacturing Company, producing ice-making and refrigerating machinery and ammonia fittings and supplies, was incorporated in 1895. The capital stock of the company is \$1,000,000. The officers are P. H. Glatfelter, president; W. L. Glatfelter, secretary and treasurer, and Thomas Shipley, general manager. This company employs all the year around from 600 to 800 men, and maintains the largest and best equipped plant in this branch of trade. While the output of the com-



LINDEN AVENUE YORK, PENNSYLVANIA



pany is sold principally in the United States, it is gradually building up a nice export trade and now its ice-making and refrigerating machines are in operation in almost every country in the world.

No town in central Pennsylvania can boast of better department stores. P. Weists' Sons have a large, airy and thoroughly equipped store. Daylight penetrates every department from roof to basement. The three stories are filled with the best lines obtainable in the several departments, while the cloak and fur departments are the best that can be found in this section. James McLean & Sons also have a large department store in the heart of the business section, their present quarters being the result of twentyfive years of hard and persistent work.

The trolley systems of the city extend over thirteen miles of streets. When the projected lines are completed it will cover close to eightyfive miles. There are rural trolley lines reaching out through the country into populous sections of the county.

The York Gas Company, after undergoing several changes since 1846, is sup-

plying gas to the city with a plant of 7,000 cubic feet capacity daily. The system covers the city and supplies for both fuel and lighting purposes as well as to several manufacturing plants. The gas is forced through thirty miles of mains. Gas for fuel has been used in York nearly six years. The plant as it stands is capitalized at \$500,000, and at present the entire system is being improved.

The water furnished the city is cleaned by eight filters of 500,000-gallon capacity and kept at a pressure of seventy to one hundred pounds. The reservoir storage capacity is 40,000,000 gallons. The large mains extend over more than sixtyfive miles and carry every year over 950,000,000 gallons into the city. The water is taken from the South Fork of the creek and passes through a twentyfour-inch main to the water works. The filter plant is what is known as the "Rapid Sand Filtration" system and is the best known system. A new 2,000,000-gallon covered storage basin has just been put into service. This will insure cool water during the Summer season, a boon to the poor who are unable to buy ice.

The newly erected court-house is one

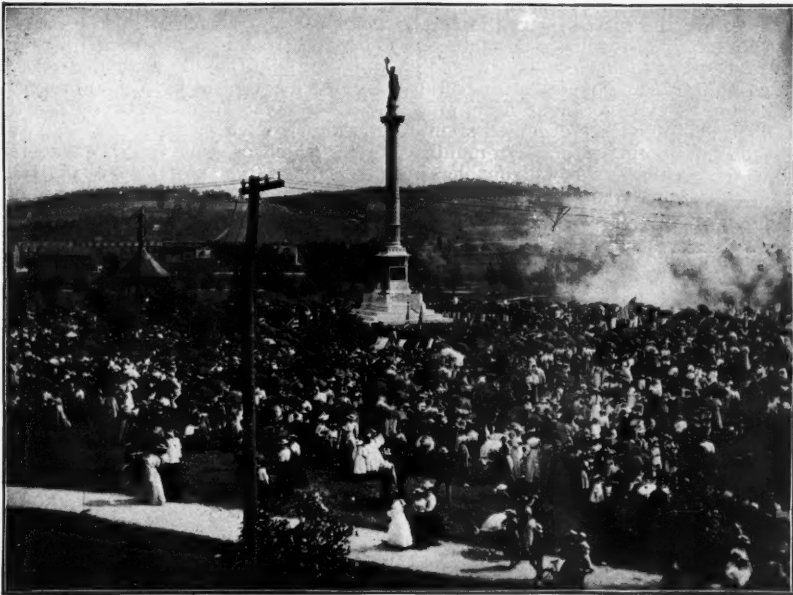


CENTER SQUARE, YORK, PENNSYLVANIA

of the grandest structures in central Pennsylvania. The majestic front is supported by magnificent Ionic columns of granite and is surmounted by three domes, the central one rising to the height of over one hundred and fifty feet. Its artistic interior is in polished marble throughout. Its winding staircases are without exception the finest in the state. The city has two beautiful parks, and has close to twentyfive school

buildings. The large high school occupies a prominent position close to Penn Park. Beside the public schools, York has the York Collegiate Institute, the York County Academy, two parochial schools and a number of private schools.

With her able men and large wealth; with all her industrial advantages and her rich farming country York aims to reach a still higher rank among the cities of the state.



DEDICATION OF SAILORS' AND SOLDIERS' MONUMENT, PENN PARK, YORK, PENNSLVANIA

*THERE is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so mammonish, mean, is in communication with Nature: the real desire to get work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth. Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose: he has found it, and will follow it. . . . All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand-labor, there is something of divineness.*

THOMAS CARLYLE

# A YOUNG MAN'S BRIGHT IDEA AND WHAT IT LED TO.

THE STORY OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF A GREAT AND THRIVING BUSINESS

*By Frederick Keppel*

A MORALIST might draw a lesson from the origin of the Regal shoe. He might point out that out of apparent disaster often comes success. For the Regal shoe was the result of a railroad wreck.

In this way:

Elmer Jared Bliss was a traveling salesman for a big Boston drygoods jobbing house when the engineer of a train, upon which he was riding one night, tried the old, impractical experiment of running at full speed on a track occupied simultaneously by another train. For months after, that young man was unable to work, and as his complete recovery demanded a more quiet occupation for a while, he reluctantly gave up the idea of resuming his position with the jobbing house. Reluctantly because, his work having been successful, he had built up a large trade in his territory and his prospects seemed very bright.

The shoe-manufacturing business, in which his father was engaged, and with which the younger Bliss had been familiar since boyhood, apparently didn't offer a future so tempting as the wholesale drygoods trade. The manufacturers were selling their product on long time to jobbers and large dealers; profits were cut to pieces and trade conditions generally were not such as to attract a young man of energy and ambition into the narrow field, which seemed to be growing more and more restricted each year.

Taking it all in all, the railroad wreck made the young man feel for the time being that his opportunities had been hopelessly damaged by the accident.

As his physical condition began to improve, he did a little work for his father's factory, selling shoes to the trade in Boston. Later on, he made trips to neighboring cities, and as he got into the work his interest grew, and within a few months, he was "drumming the shoe trade" with the same enthusiasm and ability that had made him successful in the drygoods line.

In traveling about the country, he did more than sell shoes. He studied the shoe question from every point of view.

He watched the progress of a shoe from tannery to consumer and noted how the price increased with mathematical precision. He learned the wants of the consumer and the ability of the dealer to satisfy them. He watched the various styles as they appeared and noted which attracted and which failed to score. Thoughtful study and careful investigation gave him the following theory:

"A shoe is sold almost entirely on style. A shoe style must originate in a fashion center, or it isn't a shoe style. Styles which originate in shoe factories may happen to be correct. When styles are correct the shoes sell well and run for several seasons. Each season that a popular-selling style is continued the price depreciates, and a shoe that in its first season demands a price of \$6, drops to \$4 the second, and may be closed out for \$2.50 the third."

From these three prices, representing one style carried through three seasons, the originator of the Regal shoe figured that a stylish shoe could be made of material equal to that used in a \$6, if sold immediately, for cash, direct from tannery to consumer for \$3.50.

The uncertainty of striking a popular style, where a factory acts independently of those custom makers who set the styles was something which must be done away with, to carry his plan to a successful end. His business affairs carried him all over the country, where he had ample opportunity to study the particular styles accepted by the best people. His plan was, therefore, to visit the shops of the fashionable custom boot-makers, order, as a private individual, their new shapes as fast as they came out, take them to the factory and duplicate them in every detail.

All this seems simple enough, after the Regal shoe has become a world-wide success, but in those days it was revolutionary.

The young man had his idea, and he had the somewhat doubtful pleasure of enjoying it alone. Had he taken his plans to the old, responsible shoe-manufacturers of the Bay State, they would have been mildly interested in his theory,

and they would have given him counter arguments as broad as a church and as deep as a well against its practicability.

Shoe styles—that is, factory shoe styles—had always originated in factories, and to their minds, this, in itself, seemed sufficient argument that they could come from no other source.

Now this visionary young man would have them send to New York, or Lon-

styles of the high-priced custom boot-makers in London and New York would not be on the market until August, and by that time the shoe factories would be making up their fall goods and have them in the hands of the jobbers or dealers.

No manufacturer would adopt styles in August, make up shoes, sell them to the wholesaler and allow the wholesaler



ELMER JARED BLISS

don maybe, and get a pair of shoes made for the elite of Fifth avenue, or the aristocracy of London's West End, and copy them for your trade in Boston and Chicago and San Francisco and New Orleans! Absurd!

In the first place, you could not reproduce and put on sale a style in less than a year's time. For example, the fall

to sell them to the retailer in time for fall trade.

Mechanically and commercially, the scheme seemed impossible.

These reasons did not convince the young man, however, and he persistently declined to abandon his idea.

One day he opened a new shop in Boston. It was a small affair; the store

consisted largely of a show window and enough room for half a dozen customers and one or two clerks. The shop was badly located, in a district never before used for retailing, its chief advantage being its low rent.

The window was the "snappiest" in the street. In it were displayed well-made, stylish-looking shoes named "The Regal," and the price \$3.50.

The advertising matter distributed was original and striking.

The store attracted some attention from older merchants, who, out of the abundance of their experience, prophesied disaster prompt and deserving; anyone, to them, sufficiently foolhardy to attempt the sale of shoes in such a neighborhood and at such a price could meet with nothing but failure.

In the little shop a cheerful-looking and accommodating young man looked after the comfort of customers; Charles H. Cross, 2d., was his name, and today he is one of the three members of the Regal shoe firm.

The pessimists were all wrong.

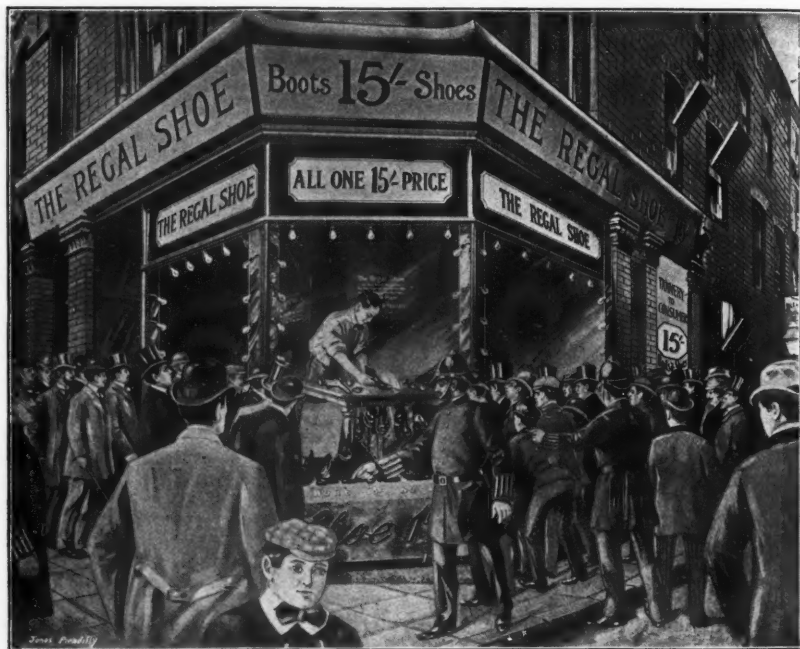
The original Regal store grew bigger and bigger, and Regal stores began to break out in Washington and Providence and New York.

The shoe factory of L. C. Bliss (the senior) soon found it impossible to supply shoes to any but Regal stores.

Then more stores were started and another factory was built.

More stores and more factories — the story has been repeated until now the patriotic American can buy Regal shoes in Regal shops in London or in San Francisco, or in any of the important cities between. Or, through the wonderful mail-order system, he can order Regals from Kamchatka or Paraguay, as thousands all over the world do, and be sure of proper fit and perfect satisfaction.

This, in brief, is the history of the "impractical scheme" of the young salesman thrown out of his position by a railroad wreck. The Regal shoe has been in existence a little more than ten years, so that this gigantic work has been accomplished in less than a decade, and the young man who was responsible for



THE REGAL'S LONDON STORE



its inception and execution is yet this side of middle age.

In his work with the Regal shoe, he had no precedents to follow. On the contrary, all the precedents were against him. In the selection of styles, his judgment had to be quick and accurate.

He must know what would appeal to the public—\$3.50 a pair—there is no margin for guesses. The entire system of manufacture had to be revolutionized, or he could not produce his styles in time to market them. His shoes must not only have style, but they must fit and wear as well as the high-priced goods, with which he was competing, or the terrific fire poured on him by his opponents would put him out of business. His stores must look as well as the shoes that catered to the high-class trade, and his local managers and clerks must be men of the best grade, or he could not hope to get and retain the business he wanted; and yet every expense must be watched with utmost diligence. The business must be financed properly—a multitude of details arose daily, almost hourly, and imperatively demanded attention.

If you will multiply a busy retail store in a big city by half a hundred, and scatter them over the American continent, with a few on the other side of the ocean—and add great factories and tanneries and a mail-order department that supplies nearly 200,000 men and women regularly with shoes, you will have an idea of the duties of the executive head of the Regal shoe interests.

A marvelous system is necessary for the conduct of such an enterprise, and the Regal business is systematized in a most marvelous manner.

The factories and stores and various interests of the concern were merged into the Regal Shoe Company, L. C. Bliss, E. J. Bliss and C. H. Cross, 2nd, constituting the firm.

The executive offices are located in Boston and from here the business is entirely directed. The factories are located at Whitman, Mass., and from Whitman, the shoes are shipped to the various Regal stores. Daily reports are received from the factory and from each store manager. The system of accounting and reporting is such that every morning the executive officers in Boston

know just what progress has been made at the factory, and exactly what stock is ready for delivery. They know, too, the exact size and style of every shoe in every store and amount of money in each store's bank account.

In the mail-order department, system is reduced to such a science that although Regal wearers can be found all over the earth, less than one pair of shoes in a thousand is returned because of any dissatisfaction.

In order to sell the Regal shoe at \$3.50, not only the best factory facilities and the best system of shipping and managing stores are necessary, but the many savings that can be effected by "ready cash" are taken into consideration. Every Regal shoe is sold for cash; absolutely no business is done on credit. The same cash policy is followed in the buying end of the business, and the savings made by both buying and selling for cash only are very important items in the Regal management.

The Regal business has grown to such enormous proportions that the Regal Shoe Company control the tanneries from which they procure their leathers. The most rigid standards of quality are enforced in this department and the Regal brands of leathers are famous the world over. King Calf and King Kid for uppers, and Live Oak sole leather are acknowledged by expert leather men to have no superiors and very few equals.

With their extensive manufacturing facilities, the Regal company are able to duplicate the latest custom made styles and have them on sale in their stores by the time the high-priced custom boot-makers, the originators, have got them established among their patrons.

The Regal plan is not to put out a style so long as it will find buyers, but, on the contrary, to get out every new and correct style as fast as it appears from the hands of the custom maker. Being always ready with a new style that is correct and accepted, and being at all times in such close touch with the desires of their customers—the wearers—their shoes find a ready market, not only among that class, which has but \$3.50 to spend for that purpose, but those who would otherwise be willing to spend more if they could do better.



**W**ELL, here we are back in the old rocking chair, ready for one of those old-time chats with the readers of the National. As long as that rocking chair was in summer storage, somehow I could never quite get into the spirit of close communion that I now feel. Yes, I fall back for another reverie rock, for I have something very important to say. The genial glow and warmth of the Autumn blaze in the hearth reaches me, and somehow I can almost see myriads of faces in the picture that flashes before me.

Now to business: For six years some of us have known each other—(and I hope it will be sixty)—and you have seen the National grow from a very fragile periodical twig into a very lusty sapling. The figures in this connection may be interesting:

*Eight Years of Solid, Substantial Success.*

COMPARATIVE AVERAGE MONTHLY CIRCULATION  
OF THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE OF BOSTON,  
FOUNDED IN 1895

1896 .....	13,750
1897 .....	27,333
1898 .....	41,139
1899 .....	42,696
1900 .....	53,854
1901 .....	75,336
1902 .....	110,684
1903 .....	135,230

This I present to our readers as the work which they have largely accomplished. I have analyzed our subscription list very carefully, and find that the increase each year was mainly obtained

directly through those who were already subscribers, and the most gratifying fact in all this growth has been that eighty-nine per cent. of the total number of annual subscribers have continuously taken the magazine and three per cent. have been returned to the roll of honor after a lapse of one or two years. That is, this many have been traced, although there may be many more, as in the case of young ladies who were originally subscribers in their own name:—when they have changed their name, they have not always reported the fact.

\* \* \*

The routine of the publisher's desk was varied the other day by four invitations to marriages in as many states from old subscribers to the National whom I had never had the pleasure of meeting personally. With three of the notices were subscriptions for the new "firm" for a year, and one young man in Ohio sent \$10 for a ten-years subscription. I was alarmed at first lest he had sent the money due the parson—but the young man insisted that he wanted to insure the first ten years of married life to content and happiness and that of course included the National as a regular visitor.

Now you know it was very difficult to fully express myself in answer to these invitations. I wanted to say to these old and loyal friends what only the heart, the hand and the eye can express.

This incident and the hundreds of letters coming to me every day, I try to answer the best I can, with a rapid-firing battery of stenographers, but it has suggested an idea and an ambition. I want to receive a letter from every subscriber and reader during the next month or two—before the work of next year begins. I want the letter from you and for the letter itself—not because of any money on subscription. I want information and am going direct to our readers for it.

The vital source of revenue in the building up of a magazine is advertising and that revenue increases as every thousand of new subscribers is added. Now we want 250,000—a quarter-million subscribers. Will you help us? We want to use even better paper, better ink, more pictures—in fact, to improve each month as we have. This can be done if we have more subscribers. The earning power of each magazine is determined by the advertisements it carries and the results these bring, so that every ad. you answer and every purchase you make through the National adds that much more concretely to the value of the magazine you are to receive.

We want every subscriber and reader to do something for us—get at least one new subscriber, and let us pay for it in value received. So do not delay writing; help us to make 1904 a lively, merry and red-letter year in the history of the National and make that last line read “1904—250,000.”

We want you to tell us some things.

1. How many ads. have you answered in the National the past year? Name them.

2. How many purchases do you recall making through National ads., and were they satisfactory?

3. Are there any ads. in the National that are offensive to you, and why? Will you name them?

4. What are the most attractive ads. and why? Are you influenced in pur-

chasing goods in stores through magazine ads. which you never answer direct?

5. What do you like best about the magazine, and why did you first subscribe?

6. Can you suggest any way we can increase the number of subscribers in your neighborhood, and have you one friend whom you can secure as a subscriber?

7. Is there a National Magazine Library in your city; if not, could one be established?

8. When are you coming to Boston?

Remember we want to hear directly from every subscriber, so do not put this off, but sit down and write “right now.”

Most of one side of the whitewashed brick walls of our office is filled with files containing letters from appreciative subscribers. The signatures include the names of senators, members of the cabinet, congressmen, business men, professional men, working men, manufacturers, clergymen, farmers, traveling men—every walk of life in every state and territory and almost every country where the English language is read—but above all, and beyond all, are treasured the tributes from the mothers, wives, sisters—the women of America—the final tribunal which decides the fate of every largely circulated periodical. These letters are marked in red pencil as documents of special importance. They are an inspiration indeed. I would not dare to say we deserve all these good words, but therein lies the real life-structure of the National!

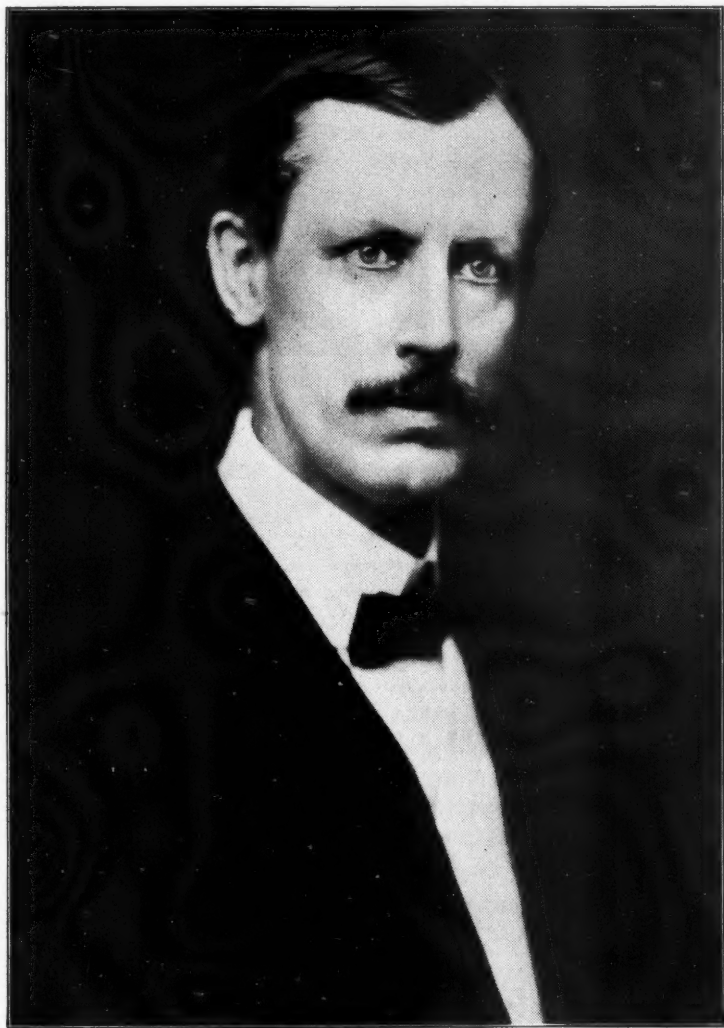
You understand this is no idle request. Your suggestions are welcomed, and if you all do just a little something and each sends in one new subscriber before December 1, we will celebrate our Christmas number with 250,000 subscribers, a handsome new special cover page and a heart welling over with gratitude to the tried and true “charter members” who have made the National a leader in

the periodical realm. And by the way, remember the National when making your list of Christmas gifts. You could not give a friend anything that would afford more lasting pleasure than a year's subscription to the National Magazine.



THE LIBRARY OF SENATOR HANNA'S HOME IN CLEVELAND.

Here the captain of the republican party finds rest and mental refreshment after the heat of the fray in the field. The closing of the Ohio campaign finds him serenely confident of victory for his friend Myron T. Herrick, republican nominee for governor, and of his own reelection to the United States senate.



MR. P. V. COLLINS

Editor of the Northwestern Agriculturist, Minneapolis. Mr. Collins was chosen president of the National Editorial Association at the annual convention of the Association held in Omaha.



## NORTHERN MICHIGAN, THE SETTLER'S PARADISE

"GO West, young man," was the advice of Horace Greeley. This historic admonition is still good,—with limitations.

The star of empire, after more than a century of western progress, has now halted in its course; indeed, it might be said it has turned back in its flight, for it now hovers over a section of our broad continent that is neither East nor West, but is rather both East and West, depending on the point of view. Ask a Boston man if he has ever been in Buffalo, and he may reply, "No, I have never been West." Ask a Denver man if he has been in San Francisco, and he will make the same reply. For the West has become East and the East, West.

The center of population is now in Indiana, not many miles east of Chicago. Directly north of this center is the state of Michigan; and in Michigan, not many miles from the center of population, more acres of better land are awaiting the intelligent settler than are to be found elsewhere in all the country, East or West. Paradoxical as this may seem, it is, nevertheless, true.

In Northern Michigan the interests of the home-seeker and the farmer have been somewhat obscured by the prominence given to the lumber and mining industries. These riches of the Upper Peninsula have hidden the fact that the soil in this region affords a better return for patient labor than can be found anywhere in the broad expanse of the United States. Every hour of steadfast labor in the Upper Peninsular of Michigan will yield more certain and richer results than an hour's labor anywhere in the round world.

The tide of immigration, encouraged by the government or subsidized by corporations, has, since '49, been flowing west; beyond the Mississippi, northwest and southwest, until today the settler's ideal of "forty acres and a mule" can hardly be realized in all that vast district. Strangely enough, this tide, flowing so rapidly on its western course, passing south of the Great Lakes, touched with only its smallest rivulets the rich districts of northern Michigan, so that today the settler may turn East, South or West in search of favorable conditions, and search in vain. But let him turn his steps northward from the center of population, and he will find an undiscovered country meeting all the requirements of the enterprising pioneer.

The conditions favorable to the settler in a new country may be briefly stated as follows:—

1. A rich soil.
2. A favorable climate.
3. Proximity to markets.
4. Variety of natural product.

As to the soil,—it meets the requirements of a general line of agriculture. The grain includes wheat, oats, rye, barley, buckwheat and corn. Apples, pears, peaches and plums are grown successfully and profitably. The sugar beets grown are pronounced by technical agriculturists to be richer by three or four per cent. in saccharine matter than those grown anywhere else in the States. The pastures

are rich, as everyone can testify who has seen the sleek herds of cattle in the Upper Peninsula.

The climate of northern Michigan with its low but dry Winter temperature, and its cool Summer weather, is, year in and year out, the most favorable to human comfort and health to be found anywhere in the country.

Northern Michigan abounds in railroads and prosperous cities. Cereals and dairy products find a ready market near at hand. The market for labor, too, deserves attention. In the prosperous towns like Ishpeming, Sault Ste. Marie, Marquette, Escanaba and Gladstone, labor is constantly in demand at high wages, while the mining and lumber camps create a labor demand which is greater than the supply.

In variety of natural products northern Michigan is unique. The soil is a rich, black loam, in which everything flourishes that will grow in a temperate climate. Certain products such as the beet, from which sugar is made, and celery, are everywhere associated with the name of Michigan. The rainfall is so plentiful that irrigation is not required, and crop failure is unknown.

But no description of this section would be complete which omitted reference to its forests and mines. Timber from Michigan forests, and iron and copper from Michigan mines, have long been known as distinctive products in the markets of the world.

Hitherto, so far as we are aware, no systematic attempt has been made to attract settlers to Northern Michigan; and we have attempted to show how, in its westward course, the stream of immigration passed it by. Companies are now being formed, we understand, to invite the settler and develop the exceptionally rich resources of the country. One such company, we are informed, has secured more than 1,000,000 acres of land, and is offering it on terms which cannot fail to attract intelligent settlers. Every forty-acre tract in the 1,000,000 acres has been examined by expert woodsmen, and an estimate has been placed on the timber value in each case. When heavily timbered, the land is to be offered at the price of the timber alone; if lightly timbered, the tract is offered at the value of the land, and no charge is made for the timber. But the striking feature of the terms offered by the company referred to is the inclusion in the sale of the land of all mineral rights. A clear deed is given without any mineral reservation, so that the purchaser gets the full benefit of whatever mineral value his holding may prove to possess. This is a valuable consideration in a district so rich in mineral deposits as northern Michigan.

The conditions at present existing in this district are exceptional from every point of view,—in soil and climate, in agricultural and mineral products, Nature has been prodigal; hitherto the lumberman and the miner, alone, have gone in to possess the land, but the time is doubtless near at hand when so favorable a spot will attract the permanent settler, and with the advent of the settler, whose work is the basis of all wealth, the true prosperity of the country will begin.



54 Years in Business

## MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY

**Manufacturers and Retailers  
Of the Best Clothing  
for Men and Boys'  
Ready to Wear.**

**Men's and Boy's Fine Furnishing Goods.**

**Garments to order in Custom Tailoring Dept.  
398 and 400 Washington Street.**

The accompanying picture of the Macullar Parker Company buildings was taken during the recent visit of the Honourable Artillery Company of London to the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Boston and it was a rare and highly appreciated compliment that was paid to the Visitors in the decorations of their buildings at 398 and 400 Washington Street. The historic seals of the two artillery companies were thrown out in bold relief in the colors of the two nations.

In addition to the royal standard, used as a compliment to King Edward VII Commander of the Honourable Artillery Company, showing the Lion, the Unicorn and the Harp, was the graceful and majestic draping of the buildings. The subdued red and softened colors in the whole scheme made it distinctly British, and immediately attracted the attention of the Visitors by way of contrast with the lively American colors everywhere in evidence.

It was singularly appropriate that this should be so, for it was this same firm that furnished clothing for His Majesty King Edward VII when he visited Boston as the Prince of Wales in 1860. In England, this would make the Macullar Parker Company "Clothiers to His Majesty" by Appointment.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.